THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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TO E— E—.

A Reply.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Do I love thee? Do I love thee?
Ask the roses of my cheek,
Burning brighter 'neath thy glances;
Say, what does their language speak?
Is it not that I am thine?
Is it not that thou art mine?

Do I love thee? Do I love thee?
Read thy answer in my eye;
In the trembling of its lashes—
In each low love breathing sigh;
Say they not that I am thine?
Say they not that thou art mine?

Do I love thee? Do I love thee?
Rend the veil from off my heart,
See if 'mid its secret places
There's a spot where you've no part;
There 'tis written I am thine,
There 'tis written thou art mine.

ELIRA.

THE WHITE SLAVE.

A Tale of the Mexican Revolution.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

AUTHOR OF "ARTHY'S BRIDE," "PHANTOM OF THE FOREST," "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "CLARA MORELAND," "FORGED WILL," ETC.

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CHAPTER XXIX.

THE ALARM AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

Weak from fatigue, breathless from haste, and laboring under the most intense excitement, I reached the dwelling of Don Luis and demanded admittance.

"Has your master returned?" I inquired of the porter who opened the gate.

"The Senor will find him in the hall," replied the old domestic.

He was proceeding, with the garrulity of age, favor, and indulgence, to add what else he thought would interest me, when I astonished him by darting abruptly away, and bounding up the stairs, three at a leap.

On reaching the *Sala Grande*, or Great Hall, I was surprised to find a large collection of ladies and gentlemen, with most of whom I had the honor of some slight acquaintance through previous meetings and introductions. They had met here, at short notice, to pass the evening in a lively and agreeable manner; and at the moment of my entrance, some three or four musicians were tuning their instruments, preparatory to the opening of the *baile*.

On seeing me, some half-a-dozen ladies and gentlemen, nearest the door, sprung forward to greet me with the warm cordiality peculiar to the Spanish and their descendants; and immediately I found myself embraced by one after another of both sexes, with as much apparent affection as a fond parent could bestow upon a child.

"Ah, truant!" cried the pretty Inez de La Cava, as she tripped gaily up and threw her fair arms unreservedly about my neck; "where have you been? Holy Virgin of Guadalupe!" she exclaimed the next instant; "you are very pale! you are ill!"

"I am excited, Inez: I am the bearer of startling news: let me speak to your father without delay!"

"Here he comes," she said, looking quickly around and stepping back a pace.

Almost at the same instant, Don Luis, Don Manuel, and my friend Maitland, came hurrying up from the other end of the hall.

"My dear Ned, where have you been?" cried Curry: "I have been alarmed at your absence."

"So have we all, Senor," said Don Luis. "But you are ill, my friend! you can scarcely stand!" he added, almost in the same breath, placing his arm under mine, to support my tottering frame.

"Quick!" said I; "take me to a private apartment! I have strange and startling news for you all!"

Leaving the assembled guests in a state of excitement—occasioned by the rumor, which flew quickly around the hall, that I was the bearer of some terrible news, the nature of which none could conjecture—I was conducted in all haste to the library; where, with a tremulous hand, the host presented me a cup of wine, which he had caught up on his way thither.

"Drink!" he said; "it will give you strength."

I poured it down at a single draught; and then motioning my friends to close the door, I threw myself into a seat, and told my story in as few words as possible. Each listened in breathless silence, and Don Manuel became deadly pale as I unfolded the scheme of the *ladrones* to rob his dwelling, if not abduct his daughter.

"The villains!" he exclaimed, starting up and clinching his hands; "they shall pay dearly for this! And to think I have spies, if not members of the infernal band, in my own household! Ah! glory to San Marco, my patron saint, for this wonderful preservation! God bless you, Don Edmondo!" he continued, throwing his arms around my neck and warmly embracing me; "you are an instrument, in the hands of the holy saints, for saving your friends. Not a word of this to any one!" he pursued; "we must act quickly and secretly. Our friends will wonder—but no matter. Come, La Cava, let us to the Commandant with all speed! we shall find him at head-quarters. Will you come with us, Senores?"

"I fear my friend is too ill," replied Maitland, glancing anxiously at me; "and unless I can be of service to you, gentlemen, I will remain with him."

"I regret to say I am much exhausted, and do not feel able to accompany you, Senores," rejoined I, "though my more than life is staked on the issue. I have but one word to add—which may seem presumption in one of my years—but the intensity of hope and fear compels me to warn you to exercise the greatest caution—if, as I suppose, you are not only about to attempt to thwart the designs of the robbers but to capture the leaders at least of the two bands."

"Trust me, if they are bold enough to make the attack to-night, to-morrow's light shall see them in irons!" replied Don Manuel. "There is time enough, if we haste, to get a file of soldiers within the villa before midnight; and then woe to all who enter my grounds for an unlawful purpose!"

"The lives of my friends depend upon your success," rejoined I.

"And the safety of society," added Don Luis.

"I have not time to make known my plans," said Don Manuel; "but, by San Marco! with the intelligence you have brought me, Don Edmondo, the villains shall have credit if they escape their just deserts! Adios, Senores."

"God be with you!" ejaculated Curry. And the moment the others had left the apartment, he turned to me and exclaimed: "Ned, this is most wonderful! and I am superstitious enough to believe you have been guided by something more than mortal. But come, you must to bed and to sleep—for another night of wakefulness and excitement may prove fatal to you. I would like to converse with you on this wonderful occurrence, but I see you are not in a condition to bear it. Ah, how strange! how strange! But, God be thanked! you know Benita is safe for the present; and if your friends succeed in getting these villains in their power, her liberation will be sure to follow."

"Oh, they must, they must succeed!" cried I, starting up and staggering toward the door. "I will go with them, weak as I am, for fear they may fail; and failure would be death to me."

As I spoke, the room seemed to spin around me and grow dim, and the next moment I was caught in the arms of my friend.

"Ah! my dear fellow, you are ill!" I heard him say—though so obtuse was my hearing, that his voice seemed to come from a distance. "You are ill! you are overdone! you must have rest from this wild excitement, or it will kill you! Here, Ned, I have an opiate—it was prepared expressly for your case by Doctor Muelio. There—take it, my friend—swallow it at once."

I felt something placed upon my tongue, and I remember making an effort to swallow. After that follows a dim recollection of being conducted to my chamber and sinking sweetly into oblivion.

Suddenly I found myself in a great floral temple, with a thousand roseate pillars supporting a dome of leaves, vines, and flowers, so harmoniously interlaced as to fill the soul with a sense of exquisite beauty and perfection. The ground of this temple was a net work of flowers, of a thousand different kinds, forms, and colors, and in the centre was an altar of the same, before which, in spotless and shining raiment, kneeled a beautiful figure, to whom I was drawn by some irresistible power. As I approached her, I heard her say, in a voice of the sweetest melody:

"To Thee, the Great Unseen! the ever-living and eternal Architect and Builder of worlds! the Great Source of all that is good and beautiful, true and holy! to Thee be praises, hosannas, and glory forever!"

With these words she turned her lovely face full upon me, and in an instant I was clasped in the embrace of my beloved Benita.

Oh! the raptures of that moment no language can express! nor can I portray the pure, holy delight which filled our united souls, as we went forth from the open temple and wandered along the flower-enameled banks of a dark, blue, placid stream, through groves and fields elysian, where every sight and every sound and every scent seemed perfection to every sense! All around seemed formed for happiness, and every spoken thought came glowing with the divinity of love.

Suddenly as it had appeared, this bright and glorious scene vanished; and I found myself in a damp, dark vault, groping about among human bones, and along slimy walls, breathing nauseous and unhealthy exhalations, gasping for pure air, and vainly searching for light. The next moment I was throttled by some human fiend, who bore me struggling to the earth; and with his knee upon my breast, and his dagger at my heart, he hissed in my ear:

"Die, poor wretch, the death of a dog! and leave Benita and happiness to your rival and foe!"

With these soul-torturing words, the dagger was pressed home, and the sense of dying followed. From that moment I remember nothing till the voice of my friend aroused me.

"Ned, my dear fellow," I heard him say, "it grieves me to be obliged to wake you, but you are wanted at the Court of the Alcalde. Ned, I say! arouse, and listen to good tidings!"

I started up in bed, and looked wonderingly around. The room was light, and a bright ray of the sun was streaming into the chamber, through the dark green foliage which shaded the windows and balcony. By my side stood Maitland, Don Luis, and the family physician.

"I trust you have had a good night's sleep, and are not ill?" said Don Luis, in a cheerful tone.

"Oh, I feel quite well, I thank you, though a little confused," I replied. "Something has happened! Ah, yes—the robbers! the robbers!"

"Romanillo and Basano, with fifteen of their cut-throat followers, have been taken!" cried Maitland, joyfully: "is it not glorious news, my dear fellow?"

"It gives me new life!" returned I, thinking of Benita. "But pray tell me how it occurred?"

"I will, Ned; but you must hasten and make your toilet meantime; for the Alcalde has sent for you to give in your evidence."

The doctor now felt my pulse, and said he was happy to be able to pronounce me in a much better condition than could have been expected from my appearance the night previous.

"But you did not see me last night, Doctor!" returned I.

"Yes, Ned," replied my friend, "I called him in after you had fallen asleep, and he remained with you the greater part of the night."

"Then I was indeed ill?"

"Indeed, Senor, I may say you have had a narrow escape!" rejoined the Doctor; "but, blessed be the Virgin! you are now out of danger; and allow me to wish you happiness till we meet again."

With this he withdrew, accompanied by the host; and while I made haste to dress, Maitland recounted all the news he had been able to gather.

Quite a body of soldiers had been noiselessly and stealthily conducted within the grounds of El Paraiso, and so concealed about the mansion as to be able to take the robbers by surprise and at a single swoop. There had been as desperate a resistance on the part of the *ladrones* as their circumstances would permit; but it was the resistance of some twenty men against more than a hundred, and the former taken completely by surprise. Three of the robbers and two of the soldiers had been killed, and several wounded on both sides; but the leaders, or those supposed to be Basano and Romanillo, had been captured unharmed. Loaded with irons, and chained to their companions, they had been marched into the city, and lodged in a dungeon, whence they were to be brought forth for examination at an early hour. It was not accurately known what force the robbers really had around the villa; but those outside the grounds, supposed to be by far the larger number, had made good their escape. On hearing this last, I became much alarmed, and in a tone consonant to my feelings I exclaimed:

"Good heavens! what if these ruffians should murder their prisoners by way of revenge!"

"I have been thinking of that, my friend," returned Maitland, changing color; "but my hope is, that they will fear to do anything of the kind—at least while their leaders live—lest the murderous act should bring certain vengeance upon the heads of all."

"But the thought that these poor ladies are in their hands, is terrible! terrible!" groaned I.

"From what I have been able to gather, I believe it is the intention of the Commandant to immediately send a troop of horse to their rescue."

"But how will their stronghold be found?"

"It is expected that some of the prisoners will turn King's evidence, and make a clean breast of all they know, rather than suffer the tortures to which they will otherwise be subjected."

"But why is this not done at once? Oh, my God! every moment may be fatal to her I love!"

"I think everything will be done as speedily as possible; for the city is in a state of excitement; and the clamor of the populace, who have in some manner gathered most of the particulars, is loud for immediate action to save the innocent, and fierce for justice and vengeance upon the guilty."

"Curry," said I, grasping his arm, "the thought of losing Benita now is worse than death itself! It unmans—it overpowers me!"

"Nay, nay, my friend," he replied, throwing his arm around my waist and giving me the support I needed, "do not give way now, but bear up with hope, for all may be according to your desire. Ah, here comes a servant with some refreshments! Take a cup of coffee, eat what you can, and let us hasten to the Court of the Alcalde, where we shall perhaps gather further tidings."

"I raised the cup with a trembling hand, and drank off a part of its contents; and then eating a few mouthfuls, more for the purpose of gaining strength than because of any appetite, I hurried on my coat, seized my hat, and, arm in arm with my friend, hastened down to the street. As we were passing the *saguan*, or outer porch, two *alguacils*, one of them bearing the *baston de justicia*, or staff of justice, confronted us.

"Have I the honor of beholding, in either of you gentlemen, the Senor Don Edmondo Laurens?" inquired he of the *baston*.

"My name, sir!" I replied.

"Then, in the King's name, and by order of the Senor Don Jose Maria Alonquez, Alcalde, I command you to come with me to the Hall of Justice! Yonder is a carriage," he continued, pointing to a large, cumbersome vehicle, drawn up before the dwelling, with four mules and two riders attached; "will the Senor oblige me by entering it immediately?"

"Certainly, Senor," replied I; "and will be deeply obliged for permission for my friend to accompany me."

"It is a pleasure to serve you, Senor," he continued, with a polite bow and a wave of his hand. "Command me at all times! Please enter, gentlemen!"

As soon as we were all seated in the carriage, the heavy door was swung to, the mules were lashed into a gallop by their riders, and we were borne swiftly along through one street after another to the central Plaza and Hall of Justice.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE TRIAL AND OUR ARREST.

The Plaza, and all the avenues leading into it, were crowded with people of both sexes, all eager to hear the latest news, and, if possible, get a sight of the terrible bandits, whom popular belief had long since magnified into gigantic fiends; and had the dreadful Romanillo at that moment been at liberty, he might have elbowed his way through the clamorous mob, without exciting other feeling than contempt for his puny size and inferior appearance—so falsely does imagination portray the externals of the individual famous for deeds of heroism or deeds of crime.

The government building in which the criminal courts were held, and in which the *Comandante General* had his head-quarters, was guarded by a file of soldiers, who kept back the crowd, secured the prisoners against escape, and preserved perfect order.

Into this building my friend and I were conducted, past the sentries; and entering a large, square apartment, we found ourselves in the presence of the Court. Three judges, in their robes of office, occupied the bench; and below them, in a kind of dock, were two prisoners, chained together, and heavily ironed. One of these I instantly recognised as Romanillo; and the other, whom I had not before seen, I rightly supposed to be Basano. The latter, a tall, slender, and not ill-favored man, with dark complexion and a profusion of straight, black hair, looked nervously around, from time to time, and seemed ill at ease; but Romanillo appeared to be as calm, bold, and collected, as when giving orders in his own stronghold. In fact, his features wore a fearless, confident, half sarcastic expression; and had I not previously known him, under circumstances which rendered it impossible to mistake the man and his profession, it would have required a great deal of positive evidence to convince me that he was really the man who had for many years filled the adjoining provinces with terror, and had held the unenviable distinction of a terrible bandit-chief.

On either side of the prisoners were seated two officers of the Court; and just behind them two monks, in black gowns and cowls—the latter drawn over their shaven heads, so as to conceal their pale, ascetic features; while clerks, scribes, lawyers, officers, both civil and military, a few priests, and citizens of the better class, filled up the apartment.

At the moment of our entrance, the officer who had made the capture was giving in his testimony; and as soon as he had concluded, I heard my name called, and was conducted at once to the stand. On my way, I passed close to the prisoners; and I observed the black, piercing eye of Romanillo fixed keenly upon me, with an expression of surprise and wonder. Being duly sworn upon the cross, the presiding Alcalde requested me to state all I knew concerning the prisoners.

"Is it the wish of your worship that I should state how and where I first met Romanillo, and all that I have known of him since?" I inquired.

"State everything you know, from first to last, Senor," he replied.

With this I began at the beginning, and told my story, from the time of meeting him as a guide, under the alias of Pedro Ormenez, up to the time of my escape from his stronghold among the mountains of Tamaulipas. My narrative was listened to with breathless attention, only now and then interrupted by some question of the judge. I detailed all that had a bearing upon the prisoner; how I had suspected him of treachery; how I had put a guard over him; how he had escaped from me at the Hacienda de Palo Alto; how he had subsequently attempted my life, and left me naked; how I had disguised myself as a peasant, and again fallen into his hands; how I had been enrolled among his band, as something little better than a slave, and taken to the mountains; how I had heard of his attempt to seize the specie train of Don Ramon, and his subsequent capture and escape; how he had proposed to initiate me into his fraternity, and give me the pass-word of safety; how I had escaped; and, in short, all that has been made known to the reader during the progress of my story.

As I concluded this part of my narrative, I became conscious of a deep sensation in Court; and on glancing at Romanillo, I saw that he was pale and excited. His lips were compressed, his brows contracted, and his black eyes shot gleams of deadly malice. Drawing in his breath, he fairly hissed from between his clenched teeth, in a tone barely audible:

"*Valgame Dios!* he is a devil!"

"You will now proceed to state what else you know!" pursued the Judge, after a sufficient pause.

With this I went on to state what I had learned since my arrival in the city, concerning the abduction of Dona Raquel and her friends; and how, on the night previous, I had accidentally overheard some conversation between Romanillo and one Basano, by which it appeared that the former had kidnapped these ladies and taken them to the retreat of the latter, where they were still held prisoners; and also how, by the robbery of Don Manuel's dwelling, Romanillo expected to acquire a certain sum, for which he would agree to give Basano entire possession of his captives, to use and dispose of in whatsoever manner he might see proper.

This, as the reader knows, completed the weight of my evidence; and after a few more questions and answers, the Alcalde very politely informed me that I was at liberty to retire.

As I withdrew from the witness stand, which I had occupied for three hours, the Alcalde said to the prisoners:

"Well, villains, what have you to say to this convicting testimony?"

"It is as false as the heart of the Rebel that uttered it!" replied Romanillo, boldly.

"Such language will not serve you here!" rejoined the Judge. "This is a Court, thank the saints! over which Justice presides, and where all such malefactors as you may be certain of receiving sentence according to your deserts! Our leniency permits you to offer rebutting evidence of the crimes with which you stand charged; but the bare and unsupported word of a felon can have no weight. And remember, if you were to prove, by unimpeachable testimony, the evidence of the last witness false, you were taken *flagranté delicto*—or, in other words, in the act of crime—and a dozen oaths of men of your stamp could not avail you."

"Then why ask me to say anything, if in your heart I am already condemned?" returned Romanillo, doggedly.

"We should like you to show penitence, by a free and full confession of your crimes."

"And what would that avail me?" sneered the outlaw.

"It would not stay your sentence; but it would be some evidence that you are a repentant man, and save you much physical suffering."

"I have a ghostly confessor," said the robber, turning slightly round to the monk who sat behind him, "and what I have to say I will say to him."

"We have some instruments of torture, which we sometimes make use of when the prisoner is too obstinate," rejoined the Alcalde, in a stern, determined tone. "Now if you see proper to make a clean breast of your crimes, and tell us, among other things, where these ladies are that you have seized, and how they can be found and liberated, you may hope to be spared much bodily suffering."

"*Never!*" answered Romanillo, with compressed lips and a flashing eye; "and know you, Senor Alcalde, that if I perish, I have enough followers at large to revenge my death, by taking the lives of those you would save!"

"We shall see!" sternly returned the Judge.

"Set me free, and I swear to you, from the depths of my soul, and by all the saints, that the ladies in question shall be restored to their homes, safe and unharmed! but condemn me, and take my life, and every prisoner in our hands, young and old, shall die a barbarous and bloody death!"

"If we needed other evidence, I perceive you are giving it against yourself," said the Alcalde, with a cold, sardonic smile. "Romanillo, you are preparing yourself for a terrible reckoning! All does not depend upon you, though you seem to forget that we have other and more tractable material to work with."

At this moment, and while I stood trembling at the thought that perhaps the life of poor Benita depended upon the life of Romanillo, a door behind the judges opened, and a man, dressed in black, and with a mask upon his face, glided stealthily up to the bench, and whispered something in the ear of the principal Alcalde.

"Let him be brought before us!" was the quick reply; and the man in black instantly glided back and disappeared.

In less than a minute, and while all stood anxious and expectant, a man was led into Court, through the same door, supported by two men, one on either side, upon whom he seemed to lean heavily, while he walked with a slow, feeble step. He was a man of large frame, about thirty years of age, naturally robust and powerful, with thick, bushy hair and whiskers,

and a dark, bronzed complexion; but his face had now a sallow, sickly hue, and was much contorted, like one suffering extreme physical pain. He glanced around him with a nervous, tremulous eye, which had no sooner fallen upon the prisoners, than he seemed to grow more pale and nervous, and to shrink back as it were into himself. He was followed by the black mask, who moved slowly and steadily behind him, like grim death seeking for a new victim.

"It is one of the robbers, who has just been put to the tortures and is about to confess," whispered Don Luis to me.

"Let the Court be cleared of all who are not here in an official capacity!" said the Alcalde, in a loud voice.

"We shall have to retire," observed Don Luis.

"Is such the custom when a prisoner turns King's evidence?" I inquired.

"Not always—it depends somewhat upon the humor of the Alcalde, and much upon the policy of keeping secret the revelations of the criminal. In this case, for instance, it may be necessary that the testimony of this man should not be made public, lest in some of those present there should be a confederate, who, by communicating with others, should defeat the design in view of liberating your friends."

"Ah, I see!"

"It is not so in your country," pursued Don Luis, as we retired from the court-room; "for your courts are always free, and your criminal trials by jury; but here we have no juries; and the decision of one or two men settles the case, whether civil, criminal, or martial. In military affairs the *Comandante General* is supreme in his province; in ecclesiastical affairs, the Bishop; and in civil affairs, the Chief Alcalde; all subject, of course, to the still higher authorities at the seat of government; but each manages his affairs pretty much as he pleases, and there is seldom an appeal from his decision."

"And is the torture a common thing?"

"It is often resorted to, and is often abused," replied Don Luis. "Ah, here comes his Excellency, the Senor Comandante, Don Jorge Valarez," he added, stepping respectfully aside, as the officer in question, a fine, noble looking gentleman of middle age, in company with some three or four of his staff, issued from an opposite door and came quickly across the hall toward the court-room.

"Your servant, Senores," he said, touching his chapeau as we lifted ours. "We are doing a fine work here, Don Luis," he continued; "and if these *ladrones* escape us, they shall have credit for being the smartest villains in Christendom. Don Edmondo, we owe you much for the service you have rendered us, and we hope in some measure to repay you by a liberation of your friends."

"If your Excellency can only accomplish that, I shall be your debtor for life," I replied.

"Everything is in train, Senor."

"May I inquire when you expect to send troops to their rescue?" said Don Luis.

The General laid his finger on his lips, and, with a smile and a bow, was about to pass on, when I for a moment arrested his steps.

"Pardon me, your Excellency, for taking the liberty at this time to ask a great favor!"

"Command me, Senor!" he said, blandly, though I fancied he looked a little impatient.

"Could my companions and myself, or even myself alone, be permitted to accompany this expedition?"

"I will consider, Senor, and let you know. Adios!"

With a graceful bow to each, he hurried on and disappeared within the Hall of Justice, followed by his staff, who respectfully saluted us as they passed.

"Come, friends, let us return to dinner, and wait the course of events," said Don Luis.

The distance to his mansion was something like a mile; and issuing into the Plaza, and picking our way through the still excited crowd, we walked leisurely home, conversing upon such matters as most deeply interested us.

At about four o'clock in the afternoon, I was hurriedly summoned to the gate by a servant, where I found a mounted *aid de-camp* of the *Comandante General*.

"You will hold yourself in readiness to march to-night, Senor!" he said.

"And my companions also?" I inquired, as he wheeled his mettlesome horse.

"I have only orders for Don Edmondo," he replied; and, with a hasty salute, he spurred his beast and dashed rapidly away.

"Ah, God be thanked!" I ejaculated; "I shall perhaps see my beloved Benita once more, and be with her at the moment of her liberation."

The hope made my heart bound with joy; and I hastened to communicate the good news to my friends, who shared in my delight.

"I would I could go with you," said Curry, "and be with you at your meeting with her you love; but I am none the less rejoiced at your good fortune. Oh, that I could hope to see my own beloved Corina as soon! and yet I fear I should be beside myself with joy."

"Do not congratulate me too much, my dear Curry, for my heart even now misgives me!" said I, feeling an unaccountable gloom gradually settle over my spirit. "Oh! that I knew my dear Benita to be in a place of safety! For this positive assurance, I would readily forego the happiness of seeing her for a year to come!"

In an agitated state of mind, I passed the rest of the day in making preparations for my departure, not knowing at what moment I might be summoned to join the expedition which was about to march to the rescue of my friends. A full disclosure had evidently been made by some one or more of the robbers, and on this disclosure I doubted not the Commandant would act so judiciously as to break up the accursed band; but would Benita be safely rescued? and should I soon behold her, and clasp her once more to a heart that beat only for her? If the hope of this was almost maddening, what would be the reality?

Before the shades of evening had settled over the city, I was ready for my journey; and in expectation of a sudden summons, and the uncertainty of a return, I distributed a few dollars among the servants of Don Luis, and thanked him and his family, in the warmest manner, for their unbounded kindness and hospitality to a poor, wounded prisoner in a strange land and among strangers.

"I can never repay you," said I, with tears in my eyes; "but as long as I live, I will daily pray that the good God will reward you, and that each of you may be blessed with a long life of happiness!"

Each embraced me in turn—the parents as a son, and the fair daughters as a brother—and as all commended me to the keeping of God and the holy saints, with a hundred ardent wishes for my success and happiness, there was not a dry eye among them, and I felt that in leaving them I was leaving parents and sisters indeed. With my friend I talked over every possible event, and each gave the other a solemn charge, to be fulfilled by the survivor, in case one should outlive the other and return to our native land.

From this time forth I impatiently awaited the order to join the expedition; and in such a whirl of excitement was my mind, that I could not content myself to sit for a moment, but paced up and down the gallery, which overlooked the *patio*, with a quick, nervous step, stopping only to listen to every unusual sound. Don Luis and his family for the most part kept me company, occupying *colchons* along the walls, and now and then exchanging a word with me as I passed excitedly to and fro; while Maitland, with his arm locked in mine, kept step with me, and endeavored to tranquillize my mind with whatever his fertile fancy could suggest of a pleasing nature.

Thus passed some three or four hours; when, to my great relief, a file of soldiers, commanded by a sergeant, entered the *patio*, and the officer sent me word he had orders to conduct both my friend and myself to head-quarters.

"Thank God, my dear Curry, you are to go with me at last!" said I, joyfully.

"This is unexpected good news!" he replied.

Though not exactly prepared for so short a notice, he was soon in readiness; and taking a hurried and tearful farewell of our friends, whom it was possible we might never see again, we hastened down to the *patio*, were duly placed in the centre of the file, and immediately took up our march for the *Plaza*. As we moved along through the now almost deserted streets, Maitland observed, in a light tone:

"I have a fancy that, if any of our poor comrades were to see us now, they would think us marching as prisoners rather than volunteers."

"It has a good deal of that look," I replied, with a laugh—for now that I was really on my way, with my friend beside me, I felt greatly relieved in my mind.

On reaching the *Plaza*, we were conducted at once to a large guard-room, half filled with officers and soldiers, where I was again agreeably surprised to perceive Hardy and Wilcox, seated on a bench at the far end. I noticed that they looked rather sad and dejected; but I attributed this appearance to the fact of their not having as yet learned for what purpose their services were required, for I felt confident they would gladly do anything to aid me in the liberation of my friends. I was about to step forward to speak to them, when an officer touched me on the shoulder, and requested me and my friend to be seated on a bench behind us.

"May I inquire if my friends yonder are to accompany me on this expedition?" I said, as I complied with his request.

"It is not for me to say, Senor," he gravely but politely replied; "we are expecting his Excellency every minute."

Almost as he spoke, a side door opened, and General Valarez, unattended, glided into the room, and was received by those in waiting with the customary salute. The room was lighted by some half-a-dozen small lamps, set in sconces along the walls; and as the gleam of one of these fell full upon his manly, noble face, I observed an expression which I somehow fancied foreboded ill-tidings, though I could not tell why. Glancing quickly about the apartment, till his eye met ours, he advanced with a hasty step; and as we rose to salute him, he said hurriedly, as if anxious to end as soon as possible a disagreeable communication:

"Senores, it is my unpleasant duty to inform you, that you are here under arrest, and that your parole is at an end. Your case has had due consideration at head-quarters," he hurriedly continued; "but instead of receiving your pardon, as I had hoped and expected, I have just received imperative orders to put you *en route* immediately for the city of Vera Cruz, where, (the saints have mercy!) I fear you will be compelled to join some of your former companions in the gloomy dungeons of the Castle of San Juan de Ulloa!"

"God have mercy on us!" gasped I, sinking down upon my seat, overwhelmed with a feeling of the deepest, blackest, and most utter despair.

"Farewell to hope—we are doomed!" groaned Curry, as he staggered back and sank down by my side. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Americans Abroad.

Artemus Ward's landlord at the Green Lion, London, has a new lodger, who claimed to be an American. Says the landlord, rubbin his hot face with a red handkercher,

"Is the strange bein a American?"

"He is."

"A Gen'ral?"

"No."

"A Colonial?"

"No."

"A Mager?"

"Not a Majer."

"A Capting."

"He is not."

"A Leftenant?"

"Not even that."

"Then," said the lan'lord of the Green Lion, "you are deceived! He is no countryman of yours."

"Why not?" I said.

"I will tell you, sir," said the lan'lord. "My son-in-law is employed in a banking house where ev'ry American as comes to these shores goes to git his drafts cashed, and he says that not one has arrived on these shores during the last 18 months as wasn't a Gen'ral, a Colonial, a Majer, a Capting, or a Leftenant! This man, as I said afore, has deceeved you? He's a impostuer!"

I reeled into a chair. For a minit I was speechless. At length I murmered,

"Alars! I fear it is too troe! Even I was a Capting of the Home Garda."

"To be sure," said the lan'lord; "you all do it, over there."

☞ A five-year old, with trowsers, saw a street-sprinkler for the first time the other day. With intense appreciation of the fitness of things, he went home to tell his mother of "a man with a big wagon, who had a sprinkler on to keep the boys from catching behind."

☞ Those who denounce women's extravagance, should read this:—"A London shirt-maker has just finished a dozen shirts for a gentleman, the price of which is one hundred and twenty pounds. They are, it is stated, of the finest cambric, and have fronts embroidered with gold threads.

☞ AN AUCTION INCIDENT.—While unseen by each other at a Richmond auction room husband and wife run up an article from five to thirteen dollars. The wife won.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCT'R. 13, 1866.

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☞ As the price of THE POST is the same as that of THE LADY'S FRIEND, the Clubs may be composed exclusively of the paper, or partly of the paper and partly of the magazine. Of course, the premium for getting up a club may be either one or the other, as desired.

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NOTES OF STATE BANKS.

Our subscribers will please not send us the notes of the STATE Banks in payment of their subscriptions, as the National Banks will not receive them on deposit. We give full directions in our "Terms" as to the proper mode of mailing us money.

THE LATE WAR IN EUROPE.

There is an old problem, often asked, never answered. If one murder constitutes a crime, how many constitute a glory? If it is a sin to take one life for revenge, is it a virtue to slay thousands for avarice or ambition? Common sense is mathematical, and has a habit of multiplying the sin of slaughter by the numbers slain. This may not be the usual point of view from which men look on war, but it is worth considering. A war involving no principle, not undertaken in the cause of human rights and human progress, entered into to gratify the spleen of kings, or to lengthen a national boundary, is a senseless and ruinous massacre.

What was to be accomplished by the German war? Was it in contemplation to advance one jot the interests of humanity? What abuse of the rights of the people did they go forth to retrieve with their needle guns? What effete system was to be overturned? Ask Prussia and Austria what was to be gained by burying the best of their subjects and welding an iron chain of debt around the necks of the survivors. What, but a slice of territory to which neither had any claim, the settlement of some mythical question of German diplomacy. Such a war is an insult to the age in which we live; Sadowa but a field of organized murder.

But Bismarck is a great man!—And because a man has a brain larger than the average, therefore wrong is right? This is an old syllogism, but it certainly is not good logic. Success wears always a golden front, and the world loves a fair face. Alas! that it should have such need to hide the deformity of its back beneath the purple of triumph.

Germany is but a barn-yard on a large scale, and Bismarck and Benedek two foxes fighting for its mastery, while the poor brood stand trembling, knowing that however it end they are to make meals for the victor. On the fence on either side stand other Reynards, loudly proclaiming their neutrality, yet with one eye fixed keenly on the spoils, and only too angry that the successful Bismarck shows a disposition to enjoy his feast alone.

Such is one view of the present status of Europe. To our terrible Anglo-Saxon eyes the cloak of royal infallibility and kingly prerogative is worn threadbare. Wear it skillfully as they will, the bare seams show. Alas! it is dyed with the blood of innocent men and sewed with black threads of human misery. Let them draw close around them their cloaks of significant crimson, for the day of retribution will surely come, the throne shall not forever press with its fearful weight on the hearth-stone.

HOME AGAIN.

One by one the brown stone fronts of our "best society" open their sleepy eyes, and take down the "Not at Home," so legibly written on their broad faces. Dancing feet and laughing voices stir the dust that has gathered in close rooms, while solitary spiders quake in their webs with visions of broome to come. New faces fill our fashionable streets, faces that have nothing to do but smile and look happy; dawning like May mornings on the eyes of expectant salesmen.

From mountain top and valley, from the sea and from beyond the sea, freighting ocean steamers and flying over the iron rails, from every point of the compass the myriads of pleasure-seekers are hasting cityward, a grand army of individuals concentrating from a thousand points on a few centres.

When the leaves begin to fall, birds of passage take warning. Then there is pluming of wings and packing of trunks, a flutter in the tree tops and a flurry in the depots; for all bipeds, whether clad in feathers or in silks, seem to know that the trees are shedding their dead leaves, like tears, on the grave of the Summer, that the forces of the frost are already marching Southward, and birds and belles alike seek their warm nests when the Winter comes.

CONSUMPTION.

Mr. Editor.—In a late issue of your paper, I notice a statement as to the curative properties of raw meat and alcohol, in consumptive cases. Can you tell your readers anything about its mode of application, the quantity and proportion of each? If so, you will confer a great obligation on A CONSTANT READER.

[*Answer.*—We cannot. We know nothing more than what we printed. Does any of our readers?—*Ed. Post.*]

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HELEN FORD. By HORATIO ALGER, Jr. Published by Loring, Boston; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philada.

A GRAMMATICAL ANALYZER; or, The Derivation and Definition of Words, with their Grammatical Classification. For the use of Schools. By W. J. TENNY. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Ashmead & Evans, Philada.

THE STORY OF ELIZABETH. A Novel, by Miss THACKERAY, daughter of W. M. Thackeray. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

A FRENCH GRAMMAR—to which is added a French, English and Latin Vocabulary. By EDWARD H. MAGILL, A. M., submaster in the Boston Latin School. Published by Crosby & Ainsworth, Boston; and also for sale by Sower, Barnes & Potts, Philada.

FANCHON; the CRICKET. By GEORGE SAND, author of "Consuelo," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY for October.

Death of an Old Philadelphia Publisher.

On Saturday morning, September 29th, Mr. Charles Alexander, one of the oldest journalists in the country, died at his late residence, in Wistar street, in this city. Mr. Alexander at one time held a responsible and commanding position in the journalistic world, and was noted for energy of character and integrity of purpose. He was born in this city, and at the time of his death was in his seventieth year. Thirty years since Mr. Alexander was the most prominent and successful publisher in this city, but of late years, owing to age and infirmities, he was seldom seen or heard of beyond his own domestic circle. He received an ordinary education, and at the age of sixteen years was apprenticed to the late Zachariah Poulson, a prominent printer in the old days of Philadelphia. After becoming proficient in the typographical art, Mr. Alexander commenced business for himself at the old printing establishment of Benjamin Franklin, at the corner of Second and Market streets. The press and type used by the great philosopher remained at that time in the office of Mr. Alexander, by whom they were also used.

The following is an outline of Mr. Alexander's career as a publisher and journalist:—

In 1821 *The Saturday Evening Post* was established by Mr. Alexander, who had as partner, Mr. Atkinson, the firm being Atkinson & Alexander. In 1829, he started the *Daily Chronicle*, as an afternoon paper. About 1830, the *Lady's Book* was published by Messrs. Godey & Alexander. In 1841–2 the *Daily Chronicle* was published as a morning paper by Alexander & Scott, and at the same time *Alexander's Weekly Messenger* was published; about the same period he published the *Salmagundi*, and other weekly papers. He was the first man to establish the "Napier steam press" in this city; and in his time, by the number of his publications, and his success, he was called the "Napoleon of the Press." Most of the above papers were published in Franklin Place. Mr. Alexander was also connected with *Graham's Magazine*, and published the *Gentlemen's Magazine* for the celebrated comedian, William E. Burton.

An Immense Natural Park.

All persons of taste will be gratified to learn of the wise foresight of our rulers in securing from speculation and individual ownership the peculiar glories of California in the shape of natural scenery. Many who never dream of visiting the Pacific coast even when the railway is completed, yet will rejoice to know that others will have this rare treat, and be permitted to see in one group the largest trees, the highest waterfall, and the most singular mountain ridges and peaks in the world.

The last Congress segregated the Mariposa Groves and Yo Semite Valley for the general public domain, setting them apart as pleasure-grounds for the people of the United States, their heirs and assigns forever. In accordance with the act, Governor Low, present Executive of California, has appointed a committee for their management and protection, of which Frederick Law Olmsted is chairman. His ripe taste and large experience guarantee that the work will be done faithfully and judiciously. This wise legislation secures to their proper national uses incomparably the largest and grandest park, and the sublimest scenery in the whole world. No other region of equal area can boast half the natural beauties and wonders of California. Yo-Semite, Sierras, Shasta, Big Trees, Geysers, and Lake Tahoe—brightest gem in her mountain coronet—are all worthy of note among the first curiosities of the universe.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

☞ A Liverpool gentleman, who has searched the Scriptures diligently, has discovered a prophecy to the effect that England is to be invaded by the Emperor Napoleon during the present year. He has set forth his news in a pamphlet entitled, "*The Invasion of England and Fall of the Emperor Napoleon, as Predicted by the Prophet Ezekiel.*"

☞ "I say, milkman, you give your cows too much salt!" "Why, how do you know how much salt I give them?" "I judge from the appearance of the milk you bring us lately. Salt makes the cows dry, and then they drink too much water, that makes their milk thin, you know."

COMPANY MANNERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There are people with two suits of clothes, one for the public, the other for home use. There are likewise people with two sets of manners, to be worn in the same way.

You have seen a woman in society, compared with whom new milk is nowhere for mildness. She looks meeker than the meekest dove that ever wore a gray coat, in fact, a dove isn't to be mentioned the same day with her—before folks. All the gentlemen, the very sharpest of them, vow her to be the quintessence of double-distilled sweetness, and say to themselves: "What an angel of a wife this heavenly, submissive creature would make." But, as very often happens, the men are deluded. This angel is a cat's paw in velvet. And except for company, she leaves off the velvet. I have seen her pout for two weeks, in which time she spoke pleasant words to no soul, unless perchance to somebody outside of her own family. And I have seen this delightful woman have the sulks till there was no living with her, just because her bosom friend had the best-looking beau. Gentlemen aver that she has such a sweet voice, exactly the Byronic low voice which is an excellent thing in a woman. They haven't the honor of being acquainted with her quite as well as some others, or they would discover that it is a voice which barks at home and whines in company.

Beware of these meek women! They are sly.

You have met Miss Brown, perhaps. She is admired by all men, and envied by all women, because she is such a wit. At parties nobody is so lively, so spirited, so agreeable as Miss Brown. She is the light of whatever assembly she shines upon, says the brightest, merriest things in the world, is always laughing, always making everybody else laugh. Poor old Mopes—a dismal bachelor—thinks it would be perpetual delight to be in the same house with her. My dear Mopes, you don't know a word about it. These are but her company manners. Let me give you an infallible rule, a woman's rule, for judging of the real temper and looks of a woman. Catch sight of her, if possible, early next morning after a large party. Suppose you could be an invisible caller at your Miss Brown's, to-morrow. You would see what you *would* see. And if you only knew half as much as her mother does, you would find this young lady to be, instead of a perpetual delight, a perpetual nuisance to have around. That the wit which, in society, has just enough of the mildest possible acid flavor to make it sparkle, at home becomes vinegar touched with caustic. And you would be altogether willing to take your oath that she has a fine command of language—in more ways than one. For she puts her good temper in a box, along with her waterfall, both to be worn together.

What a disagreable humbug is that giggling, simpering, lisping creature who uses superlatives and utters little screeches when she is talking to gentlemen. Whether she is parrot or monkey I know not. But it is so shamefully easy to see that her company giggle, like her pearl powder, is only put on the outside. And you remember the lawyer who pleased you so last week. Such a jolly man he is, so eloquent, so witty, so wise, and with what elegant manners, too! He makes you think of courtly Sir Walter Raleigh, does he? *Ask his wife.* She can tell you that he is surly as a bear, a tyrant to the children, and utterly careless of anybody's comfort but his own. Also that in lieu of the entertaining speech which delights all ears, at home he rarely opens his mouth from morning till night, unless it be to growl. This is your Sir Walter Raleigh.

Doubtless it would be an unforgivable insult if you should hint to the meek female, or to Miss Brown, or to the polished gentleman, that they were all three consummate liars. For Miss Brown plumes herself upon her perfect frankness, and the polished gentleman believes that if there is one unmistakable thing Heaven has called him to do, it is to exhibit before admiring multitudes an honest man, and that man himself. But he is a great liar for all that. No mortal declaims so gallantly as he against the sin of hypocrisy. But he is a great hypocrite for all that. And I am afraid we are all more or less tainted with it. Because the world is so very full of girls who giggle and simper for outsiders, while they are coarse and ill-mannerly in private, of gentlemen who are heroes in public and doggish at home. My ever beloved Stanislaus, King of Poland, says further: "I cannot comprehend how deceit is so cried down, and at the same time so common. It is a subject for wonder."

Why cannot people learn that exactly at home is the very place where all our patience, our good temper, our politeness are needed the most? Are refined manners and becoming dress pleasant abroad and disagreeable at home? If so, then indeed we may cast aside every trait of civilization which distinguishes us from the Digger Indian, and appear in all our naked savagery before the ones who, whether dearest to us or not, are of a certainty nearest to us. Experience has proved to every one of us that it is far harder to live smoothly among persons with whom we are thrown each day, than with those whom we meet but now and then. That machinery which is in constant use needs constant oiling to make it work without creaking, or in truth, to make it work at all, and the far more complicated wheels within wheels of a household require all our self-inbriations of kindliness, gentleness, courtesy, and good temper, to run their daily round without jar.

Oh! if we wheels could but remember this; could but make our company manners our home manners; could but practice a bit of our made-up politeness on "our folks," and neither snub our little brother nor scold our little sisters; could but show our own fathers and mothers and all fathers and mothers somewhat of that respect and deference we know so well how to use when it suits us, I think that old age would not be so dreary and lonely as it is. There wouldn't be so much straining backward of aching eyes after glimpses into the Enchanted Land of Youth. And old women and men could look forward and backward with no shadow of regret for the returnless days of that golden time!

ZIG.

☞ In a lead mine at Memphis, Tenn., last Thursday, some specimens of red sandstone were broken open, and one was found to contain a petrified human hand, in a perfect state of preservation. In other cases parts of animals were found, and one black snake some five feet long was found of the consistency and weight of the stone.

☞ The curvature of the earth amounts to seven inches per mile. A man six feet high cannot be seen from a distance of ten miles.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

CACAO—ITS PECULIAR PROPERTIES—MOUNTAIN SPURS—SINGULAR SURFACES—INDICATIONS OF MINERALS—PADILLA'S SHAFT—PROPOSED MINING—O'HARRA'S PROJECT—THE SIERRA—ROCK RIDING.

Some one having written something of the South American plant Cacao—*Erythoxylon Coca*—has either written of what he did not quite understand, or, which is quite as likely, he has himself been misunderstood, and the press laying hold of the thing wrong end first, are everywhere presenting it to the public in a paragraph calculated to make the error universal. Here is the popular paragraph, which having read, let us go look at the *Cacao* itself:

"A Peruvian plant, the *Coca*, has been found by experiment to possess the property of quelling the sensation of hunger and thirst for several days. The plant appears to narcotize the nerves of the stomach and suspend the digestive functions without any nutriment."

All a mistake, except that the Cacao,* not "Coca," does quell, or rather changes the sensations of hunger and thirst from very disagreeable sensations to sensations every way pleasant. But the sensations do not remain several days, nor many hours, unless the Cacao quid is renewed.

All the members of our party were habitual Cacao chewers for several months, and in more than one instance it stood us in good stead of more substantial aliment, so that we mastered, I believe, the character and qualities of the plant generally, but always remained ignorant as to the manner in which results so singular and important were produced by causes seemingly so insignificant.

Premising that Cacao is no more a Peruvian than it is a Chilian, Bolivian or Equadorian plant, it being indigenous to all these countries, I would observe that although some five or six of us had seen the plant before, and were somewhat familiar with its properties, it was only on our journey towards Potosi that we became practically and personally acquainted with its singular properties and strange effect upon the animal system.

Everywhere, after the first day's ride from Mount Altocama eastward, we found the plant common all along our route; it was only at considerable distances back from the thoroughfare that we found it in perfection, as the plants more convenient were always plucked of their foliage by passing travellers, so that little more than the bare, ragged branches remained. In its perfection, the Cacao is a pretty, symmetrical little shrub, not exceeding about five feet in height, having light green, silvery surfaced leaves, in size, shape and texture very like those of the common sage.

Green, the leaves produce very little apparent effect; but dried, and a leaf or two placed in the mouth and chewed, the effect is almost instantaneous, and as remarkable as its powers are mysterious. As a preventive of hunger and thirst it is in all cases a specific, warding off and putting back their approaches, and even when one has begun to suffer from want of food and drink, the simple chewing of half a dozen dried leaves and swallowing the saliva acts at once and like a charm.

The chewing of Cacao in this manner certainly does allay thirst for a time, but it does not appease hunger. It only arrests the craving for food and changes the disagreeable to most delightful sensations. Under its influence one feels nothing of hunger or fatigue for some six to ten hours, nevertheless is just as ready to eat and enjoy a hearty meal, or lie down and rest and sleep at any time, as if there was not a Cacao leaf in existence. There is no narcotic principle in the plant, and though undeniably a stimulant, it produces none of the effects of vinous or alcoholic drinks, nor a symptom of a sensation like those begotten of the use of opium, *hasheesh*, &c. There are no mistaken ideas, as is usually the case with tipsy or stimulated persons. Under the influence of Cacao, one does not imagine that he can face impossibilities, wade through fire, run up a perpendicular rock, fly, or slay a thousand men with the jaw bone of an ass. But he knows that he is uncommonly comfortable for several hours, though hungry as a shark and dry as a codfish the whole time, only he does not feel the least inconvenience from either hunger or thirst.

We found, after becoming Cacao chewers, that after getting our breakfast and to saddle by sunrise, and then by taking to chewing the leaves about the time we had been in the habit of taking dinner, we always went on fasting till supper time, feeling neither hunger, thirst or fatigue, and thereby we saved a good deal of trouble and time in cooking, as well as in provisions, though our poor horses were certainly the sufferers by our new practice.

Having passed the river and valley of Coquitinga, we began to ascend among the spurs of the Sierra de Potosi, and at each successive mile the surroundings became rapidly more rugged, broken, and in their general characteristics entirely different from anything we had seen elsewhere.

The English of the Spanish *sierra* is saw, and if the Spaniard who first gave the name of *saw* to such sharp, tooth-crested ridges had taken his cue from such shapes as we were clambering up among, it is certain he was not obliged to draw very strongly upon imagination. The shape is suggestive and makes the name appropriate.

As a rule, these spurs jutted out from the side of the main range in clusters of four or five, radiating or diverging like the toes of a turkey, widening the distance as they run down at an angle of thirty degrees towards the lower country, their sides broken into ravines and black chasms towards their base, while higher up they become less broken, bare of trees, and along the crest notched into teeth tolerably regular and distinct, only at intervals there are awkward gaps; and at the distance of a few miles one of these *sierras* shows very like an immense cross-cut saw, set diagonally on end, with every fifth or sixth tooth knocked out.

Between these diverging spurs the surface ran into all manner of queer vagaries—mounds, cones, pyramids, and sharp, fantastic peaks, as if when all these semi-vertical valleys were one day in a state of fusion and having a grand jubilant boil, bubbling, sputtering and spouting up into all those fantastic peaks and points, a whole Pacific of cold water had been dashed down upon them, hardening their heads into gray and green, red, brown, black, blue and all intermediate shades of rock in a second.

It was always the popular opinion among the Peruvians, and accepted as correct philosophy by their conquerors, that wherever the surface showed such evidence of having been so violently agitated while in a state of fusion and then so suddenly cooled, deposits of the precious metals were invariably to be found underneath. Upon this theory both Peruvians and Spaniards always acted, and dug for gold and silver with almost universal success. If at any time they did not find the buried treasure, it was because subterranean streams of water interfered and drowned them out, or because, as they argued, the deposits lay below their possible depth of mining.

Certain it was that this rough sierra region had been in early times, both Inca and Spanish, a favorite mining district, and both history and tradition assert that vast amounts of the precious ores were obtained in all these localities. Everywhere we found surface indications of the existence of mineral wealth, as iron, antimony, alum, copper, tin, and frequent traces of gold and silver; and often we came upon pits and shafts, some by the wayside, others shown us by our guides in rocky ravines and at points almost impossible of access, high up on the sides of the rugged spurs. One great square hole had thrown up all around it to the distance of five hundred yards, cones and mounds, like monstrous ant hills, of earth excavated and thrown out in sinking to an unknown depth the immense shaft.

Native tradition has it current, and Spanish history, correct enough perhaps, has it that this vast artificial crater was sunk by Pinchon Vasquez Padilla, brother of Pizarro's famous lieutenant, he having compelled more than ten thousand Indians to dig more than a year, until a depth over eight hundred feet having been reached, silver, almost pure metal, was found and brought to the surface in such immense quantities that at first a mound of the metal, more than fifty feet high, was built up near the mine; and afterwards in transporting the treasure to Arica all the Indians, male and female, and every llama within a circuit of fifteen leagues were pressed into the service, ladened with silver and driven in long trains down the passes towards the sea.

Tradition concludes the silver romance with the story of how a terrible tempest of wind, rain, thunder and lightning suddenly came on, continuing four days and nights, coupled with awful shocks of earthquake by which great clefts and chasms were rent in the rocky ravines and sierras, dispersing the troops of treasure-bearers, men, women and animals, who flung aside their precious burdens and fled in distracted consternation, while the red bolts of heaven's artillery struck dead, and the yawning rents swallowed up and buried deep in the fiery bowels of the mountains the insatiate Spaniards. At the same time fierce volcanic flames leaped up from the great silver shaft, licking up Padilla, and his fellow plunderers, together with immense piles of precious ores accumulated near the shaft, and waiting transportation to the coast. Every Spaniard perished by the terrible wrath of the offended Sun-deity of the Incas—every ounce of ore or silver ingots melted, flowing in rivulets into chasms and crevices, disappearing forever; while the poor enslaved Peruvians and innocent llamas all escaped unharmed.

Whatever of truth there may be in this part of the tradition, there is much evidence to support so much of it as says that "Padilla's Shaft" was once one of the best producing silver mines in Peru. But it is abandoned and desolate enough now, and has been these hundred and seventy years; though it is the popular opinion, not only among the natives, but also with men of much mineral science of all nations, familiar with the locality and former history of the mine, that the ancient shaft is still a direct communication to a vast deposit of silver almost pure. Knowing of, and to some extent endorsing these opinions, we visited the abandoned shaft, with a view of prospecting superficially and making some experiments.

In scratching into the mounds of earth, we found in those probably last thrown out from the bottom of the shaft plentiful particles of silver, but in small quantities, showing that the early Spanish miners were no bunglers in separating the precious metals from earthy impurities; but enough to convince us that the mine had at some time been richly productive. Next, with our *lassos* and packing cords tied together, we let down a small camp kettle, finding soundings at a depth of less than five hundred feet, and upon drawing up our bucket we found it filled with a fine, glossy black sand, among which, according to our computation, there was about forty-five per cent. of very bright, pretty silver.

That was worth working, we argued, when silver at that rate could be drawn up so easily. But whether the shaft had been originally of greater depth, with lateral horizontal drifts, afterwards filled up to the present depth with the mingled sand and silver, of course we could not determine. About two hundred yards eastwardly from the main shaft, we discovered an excavation that went down diagonally in rather regularly cut steps in the direction of the mine, doubtless communicating with it, and serving when the mine was worked as a roadway by which the miners brought the ores to the surface.

Dr. Bond, sanguine that silver could be scooped up by the bushel down in the dark, deserted subterranean chambers, proposed a descent and raid upon the precious deposits, declaring we could all make ourselves millionaires in a month. Cator, Monteiro, Edith, the indomitable Kate, and even Senora Cosmo, caught the fever, seconded the doctor's proposition, and clamorously declared their intentions to go down stairs then and there after silver. Capt. O'Harra protested, and then when the women laughed at, and called him coward, he said seriously:

"Well, go on. Good-bye, ladies and gentlemen. Kate—my dear, leave me a handful or two of your pretty curls and a message for your mother."

"Why, O'Harra, won't you go down with us?" Edith asked.

"No, thank you. I prefer the up-hill, out-door track to eternity. And when plundering silver becomes a necessity, I propose that instead of suffocating ourselves down in this black hole, we pounce upon the next Buenos Ayrean silver train from Potosi, and pocket coined dollars. I prefer the possible penalty due to public bandits to being privately smothered in such a pit."

O'Harra's ideas were philosophical and suggestive, and the fishing up silver fortunes from "Padilla's Shaft" was indefinitely postponed. Nevertheless not one of us entertained a doubt but that with sufficient force and proper appliances the abandoned silver mine might be made liberally productive.

For two days we continued to zigzag by acute traverses up hill, often going two leagues horizontally in gaining a single mile of direct ascent. But at last we got above the roots of the spurs, coming to the main sierra, which assumed features essentially different from the cross-cut toothed territory below. A mighty mound, running nearly north and south, brown, almost black in places, frowning, desolate, in half its western surface bare rocky walls, broken through by tumbling torrents, towering in frequent instances into inaccessible [illegible] and black buttresses, along the base of which wound our devious serpentine way; frequently the path being for a mile or more a mere shelf of rock, so narrow in places that riding single file, on one side the outstretched hand would touch the wall of rock, towering perpendicular—perhaps overhanging hundreds of feet above the head, while the opposite foot would swing along and over the very verge of a chasm down into which gazing one could only see a black, bottomless gorge with the white flashing of the mountain torrent, whose crashing roar was deadened in the immense depths to a low, monotonous growl.

Pleasant pastime—scenery particularly interesting, especially to a party of lady equestrians. But such are some of the necessities of crossing the Ander.

*Pronounced Cah-cow.

Fashionable Summer Life in English Country Houses.

Ordinarily, the manner of life is somewhat in this wise: Breakfast from nine to ten, guests dropping down and grouping themselves as they please, generally at three or four different tables. At half-past ten or eleven the shooting and fishing-parties start or the cricket-match begins. In the meantime the men stroll about the grounds with a cigar or visit the stable and the kennels, or join the ladies, who draw, or work, or read the papers, or gossip in the drawing-rooms, or on the carpets and cushions on the lawn, under lime or chestnut-trees, if the day is warm enough. Then croquet parties are generally going lazily and flirtingly until the next general gathering at two for luncheon—a meal which the sportsman, however, takes under a hedge or behind a haystack. Afterward the ladies drive or ride, or continue croquet with such of the men as eschew shooting until between five and six, when there is tea for those who like it in the house or on the lawn. Probably the sportsmen will be home before the pleasant loitering at tea is over, and by this time the morning papers have arrived and perhaps some new guests, and there is talk of anything that has happened in politics or society. Dinner at eight or thereabouts, and afterwards in some houses you will have music; in others cards, in others dancing, until the ladies like to retire. Then the men adjourn to the billiard-room, cigars and seltzer-water, mixed with more or less sherry or spirits. Billiards last as long as any one likes to play, every man dropping off at his own time.—*Tom Hughes.*

The Ox and the Fly.

An ox, that all day long
A yoke had sore oppressed,
Lay down upon his bed of straw,
His weary limbs to rest.

Perched on his horn, a fly
Said, "Friend, I see my weight
Hath taxed thy strength; I'll go awhile,
And swing on yonder gate."

"Thank you," the ox replied;
"I wist not you were there;
And whether now you go or stay,
Shall neither know nor care."

Some carry, as they think,
The nation's fate about 'em;
But on its axis, I suspect,
The world would turn without 'em.

☞ Napoleon has gone to Biarritz for the benefit of the waters, and Count Bismarck, suddenly becoming indisposed, has gone to *Biarritz* too. Without any expressed intention on their part, the two greatest men in Europe, who at present rule its destinies, meet at that famous watering-place; and Russia, who fears a French and Prussian alliance upon the "Eastern question," may look out for the consequences.

☞ SOME TIME AHEAD.—It will be gratifying to the present generation to know that Prof. Benjamin Pierce, the first of American mathematicians, has demolished the meteoric theory of solar heat, and demonstrated that the sun will continue for 30,000,000 years to afford sufficient caloric to sustain human life upon the earth. This is about as long as we are personally interested in the matter. The prospect that our descendants may be frozen to death after the expiration of that time, is too remote to cause serious unhappiness.

☞ A young man in Binghamton, N. Y., was recently struck with paralysis of the lower limbs and a portion of the pelvic muscles, supposed to have been caused partly by lying on the damp ground, after violent exercise at base-ball playing.

☞ The Paris Charivari represents a Prussian general sitting on a marble bench, in a public garden, smoking a cigar. A pretty little girl whom he has been noticing says to him, "General, my papa likes you very much." "What is your papa's business, my dear?" "He makes wooden legs."

☞ A colored tournament has taken place near Leesburg, Va.

☞ Upon the Italian frontier, to guard against cholera, travellers are taken into a room where they inhale sulphureous emanations.

☞ Man has not yet exhausted his ingenuity in making animals work for him. The Australian papers speak of a colonist who has put a kangaroo to work. A machine is put in motion by the animal—continually springing up. It works at about half-horse power, and turns a grinding-stone, chaff-cutter, bean-mill, turnip-cutter, and a washing-machine, and all at the same time. The contrivance also lifts water separately for irrigating the garden.

☞ General Manteuffel had not the gratification of playing the brag over every one at Frankfort. He wished to impose upon the American Ambassador in that city, and make him permit Prussian soldiers being billeted upon him. Manteuffel said he could not help it. "Very well," replied Mr. Murphy, putting on his hat, "I have only to reply, that the American fleet is in the Baltic." The haughty Manteuffel forgot his inability at once, and no American had any Prussians quartered upon him afterward.

☞ He who becomes rich by living like a beggar, is a beggar though he be rich.

Extraordinary Oratorical Feat.

One of the most remarkable feats of endurance in a speaker which we remember ever to have heard of comes to us from Victoria, Vancouver Island, says the Examiner. In the Legislative Assembly of that place, we are told that Mr. Leonard McClure spoke for seventeen hours without pausing or sitting down. To those who are unacquainted with the circumstance, this feat might not appear proper to be placed in the same category with the exertions of those ambitious pedestrians, who for wages walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours. It may easily be supposed that Mr. McClure's speech could not have been a masterpiece of oratory, nor is it likely that his inducement was greater than that which moved Edmund Burke, when, at the trial of Warren Hastings, after pouring out for fourteen hours a torrent of impassioned eloquence, the majestic mind collapsed under the force of physical fatigue, and he fell fainting in the arms of Sheridan. But we know of no instance of stubborn tenacity equal to this of Mr. McClure's, and the cause was one which should make him famous in the annals of the British Colonies. A year ago a large quantity of land in and about Victoria was seized by the Government for arrears of taxes, and was by it held on the understanding, expressed and published, that the owners could have and repossess their lots, by paying the taxes due within a twelvemonth of the seizure. But it became known a few days before the expiration of the allotted term that a plot was on foot, hatched by the Government and backed by a venal majority in the House of Assembly, to pass a bill authorizing the Executive to repudiate its contracts with the land owners, refusing to accept payment of the arrears, and seizing upon and retaining permanently the disputed lots. Two men in the House opposed that measure. Their names were Amos de Cosmos and Leonard McClure. They knew that they had nothing to hope from their compeers or from the Government, and they prepared themselves accordingly. The House had made up its mind, with these two exceptions, to rush through this obnoxious bill on the day before the twelvemonth expired. There was but one way to prevent this, and it was adopted resolutely. On the House being opened, Mr. McClure rose to his feet, the time being noon, and kept the floor until five o'clock next morning. For seventeen hours he continued to speak, while every effort was made by the purchased majority to put him down and tire him out. With a merciless unanimity they refused to allow him to lean against the table, to put his foot upon a chair for a moment, to relieve the irksomeness of his position by resting his hand upon anything, or to speak, in short, in any other than a rigidly erect and unsupported attitude. During the whole of the time they relieved each other at intervals, going out and procuring such refreshment as they needed, and always leaving a quorum in the House. When Mr. McClure sank exhausted into his seat as the light of another morning was stealing into the windows of the Assembly House, De Cosmos rose and for the remaining seven hours of the twenty-four talked against time. On rising, amid the groans and hisses of the disgusted and infuriated majority, he exclaimed, with more force than refinement, that it was useless for honorable members to evince their malice in that manner, for he had got up with the determination to talk, if necessary, "until the Angel Gabriel sounded the last trump." His powers of endurance were not quite so severely tested, but the end was achieved, and when the clock struck twelve the worn and wearied champions of honesty looked round with pardonable exultation upon the blank faces of a bought and beaten Assembly.

EVERYTHING IN ITS OWN PECULIAR CHARACTER.—Imagine a dove saying, "I dislike this glossy green on my neck," and trying to remove it. It may rub the feathers off, but they will speedily come green again. It cannot eradicate the color from the feathers. The sunflower will be yellow, however much it may prefer to be violet. Everything will have its own peculiar form, its own peculiar color, its own peculiar juices, its own peculiar odors, and its own peculiar constitution. God meant that it should be so; He watches to see that it is so; He holds things down in their places, and you among them, and your faculties in you. He gives you liberty to control one faculty by another, but He never gives you liberty to rub out one figure. The problem you are to work out in life requires that you should use everything put into you. You think you are not doing it, but you are. God laughs to see how deceived you are—to see you think you are not doing what you are, and to see you doing what you think you are not.—*H. W. Beecher.*

THE EXPRESSION OF DRESS.—Women are more like flowers than we think. In their dress and adornments they express their nature, as the flowers do in their petals and colors. Some never look or feel better than when dressed in a morning wrapper. Others are not themselves unless they can flame out in gorgeous dyes, like the tulip or blush-rose. Who has not seen women just like white lilies? We know several double marigold and poppies. There are women fit only for velvets, like the dahlias; others are graceful and airy, like azaleas. Now and then you see hollyhocks and sunflowers. When women are free to dress as they like, uncontrolled by others, and not limited by circumstances, they do not fail to express their true character, and dress becomes a form of expression very genuine and useful.

☞ As a proof of the great emptiness of Paris during the summer season, it is mentioned that a merchant who has a capital of about a million of francs invested, took in only five pounds in three days of August.

☞ SALT AND WEEVIL.—It is said, we know not how truthfully, that a quart of fine salt sprinkled in ten bushels of wheat will be ample to keep out the weevil from the mass so prepared. Field peas and beans may be protected in the same way.

☞ Victor Emmanuel has the largest emerald in the world. It is six inches long, four broad and three thick. Julius Cæsar had one nearly as large, which he vainly used to cure an eye disease from which he suffered.

☞ A man sent to the N. Y. Farmers' Club recently an account of his experience in artificial chicken hatching. He labored zealously, most of the time, during two months: experimented on 1,600 eggs and produced 16 chickens!

☞ Clouds lie oftimes between us and the sun. If we keep our eyes turned heavenward, we shall behold the glorious orb; but, if our gaze is downward, we shall see only shadows lying on our path.

Old and Young Generals.

The momentous question as to the capacity of elderly gentlemen for commanding armies in the field, is very naturally now again under discussion in Europe. Sir Edward Cust writes to the London Times and gives the names of the sexagenarian and octogenarian generals under whom Austria has at different times suffered her worst disasters. The whole history of the world, to a certain extent, confirms Sir Edward's opinion, that no man above fifty should be put in command of a large host in actual warfare. Hannibal was commander-in-chief of the Carthagenian armies when he was only twenty-four, and he was only thirty-one when he won the battle of Cannæ. Alexander the Great had conquered Greece and Persia, and achieved his other wonderful conquests, when he died at the age of thirty-one. William the Conqueror made himself master of England at thirty-nine, and Henry V. beat the French at Agincourt when a youth of twenty-seven. Cromwell was forty-six at his victory at Naseby, and Nelson was forty-seven at Trafalgar. Frederick the Great, of Prussia, was but twenty-eight when he opened his first campaign against Austria; when thirty-three he was victorious at the close of the second Silesian war, and at the end of the Seven Years' War he had but just entered on the period at which Sir Edward Cust thinks that military incapacity begins to show itself. Turenne, another of the "great masters" of modern days, was but thirty-seven when the peace of Westphalia resulted from his wonderful gifts as a soldier. On the other hand, Cæsar spent almost all his youth and early manhood in civil occupations, and was forty-two when he took the field in command of the Roman forces in Helvetia and Gaul. At fifty-two he fought and won the battle of Pharsalia over Pompey, who was then fifty-eight. The Duke of Marlborough, again, was fifty-four when he won the victory of Blenheim; he was fifty-six at Ramillies; at Malplaquet, when he showed the very extreme of daring, he was fifty-nine; and when at last he took the fortress of Bouchain, he was as much as sixty-one. Nevertheless, on the whole, there can be no doubt that substantially Sir Edward is in the right. As to the special case in hand, it is important to know how old are the Prussian generals who have just beaten their Austrian elders. Perhaps Sir Edward Cust can supply the information.

☞ They are carrying on a war of extermination against rats out in Pickaway county, Ohio. At a recent rat hunt 15,671 were killed, and premiums of $500, $300 and $200 are offered for the townships producing the largest number of rat tails. This is a good way to get rid of the vermin.

☞ HIGHWAY ROBBERY BY WOMEN.—Mrs. Mary Briggs, an elderly lady, was waylaid on Friday evening, in a street in the suburbs of New Bedford, by two women, and $400 in bills and $120 were stolen from a belt around her waist. The police have arrested Mrs. Angeline W. Russell and Maria M. Collins for the robbery, and a young man named Elbridge L. Andrews as an accomplice. The money will probably be recovered.

☞ I am transported to see you, as the convict said to the kangaroo.

☞ A Liverpool tailor recently took a novel method of getting a supply of cloth. Going among a crowd of people, armed with his sheare, he cut off the coat tails of a number of spectators, and before he was arrested had secreted a large bundle of cloth. The complainants who appeared in court against him presented a comical appearance.

☞ A double of Tennyson has appeared in London, so like him that the ladies, who believe he is the real man, only endeavoring to escape lionizing, have forced him already to part with several locks of hair. The unfortunate man is a cheesemonger of Cheshire.

☞ AN ENGLISH AUTHORESS.—Miss Evans, the author of "Felix Holt, the Radical," is the daughter of a dissenting clergyman in Derbyshire, is forty-six years old, and besides English, is complete mistress of three foreign languages, German, French, and Italian. She has written six novels in ten years.

☞ The population of London is over 3,000,000. In this vast population there are more dressmakers and milliners than bakers, grocers, tailors, or bootmakers.

☞ There is an unfortunate disposition in man to attend much more to the faults of his companions which offend him, than to their perfections which please him.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—Sales comprise about 9000 bbls, at $8@9 for superfine; $9@11 for extra; $12,50@12,25 for low grade and fancy northwest family; $13@14,75 for Penna and Ohio family, and $15@16,50 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour is selling at from $6@6,25 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—Prime Wheat is in fair demand. About 10,000 bus fair to prime Penna red sold at $2,30@2,90; 7500 bus good to choice southern do at $3@3,10, and small lots of white at from $3,10@3,25 ₩ bus, as to quality. Rye—1500 bus western sold at $1,15@1,15, and 1200 bus Penna at $1,20@1,25 ₩ bus. Corn—29,000 bus western mixed sold at $1,06@1,10, and 12,000 bus prime yellow at $1,08@1,10 ₩ bus. Oats—Sales of 25,000 bus new southern at 55@59c ₩ bus.

PROVISIONS—There is no material change to notice; small sales are making at $14,50 ₩ bbl for new Mess Pork; 24@26c ₩ lb for plain and fancy Bacon Hams, 19½@20c for pickled do, 15½@16c for salt Shoulders, 18@19c for prime Lard in bbls and tcs, and 22@34c ₩ lb for Butter, as to quality. Cheese; small sales at 17@19c. Eggs sell at 30@32c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—The market has been more active. About 1400 bales of middlings sold in lots at from 40@45c ₩ lb for Uplands and New Orleans.

BARK—100 hhds 1st No 1 Quercitron sold at $35 ₩ ton.

BEESWAX—Sales of yellow at 39@40c ₩ lb.

COAL continues dull. Small sales are reported at $5,25@5,50 for White Ash, and $5,50@6 ₩ ton for Red Ash, as to quality.

FEATHERS—Sales of good Western are making at 89c and choice at 87@90c ₩ lb.

FRUIT—Green Apples; sales are making at $2@3 ₩ bbl. Dried Apples; sales are making at 9@11c ₩ lb.

HOPS—Small sales of common to choice quality have been reported at 30@55c, as to quality.

PLASTER—A cargo of soft sold at $3 ₩ ton.

SEEDS—Sales Cloverseed are making at $7@8 for new, and 6,50@7 ₩ 64 lbs for old, as to quality. Timothy—500 bus sold at from $3,50@3,75 ₩ bus. Flaxseed—2200 bus sold at from $3,25@3,30 ₩ bus.

TALLOW—Sales are making at 12½c ₩ lb for city rendered, and 11½@12c ₩ lb for country.

WHISKEY—Small sales of Pennsylvania bbls were made at $2,40, and Ohio at $2,44 ₩ gal.

WOOL—The market continues dull; about 130,000 lbs sold, in lots, at prices ranging from 60@65c for extra; 58@61 for fine; 35@38c for medium; 50@53c for coarse; 55@58c for tub washed, and 40@50 ₩ lb for Western pulled, as to quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2700 head. The prices realized from 16@17 cts ₩ lb. 240 Cows brought from $35 to 50 ₩ head. Sheep—5000 head were disposed of at from 6½@7 cts ₩ lb. 2200 Hogs sold at from $14,00@15,00 ₩ 100 lbs.

A DREAM OF LOVE.

Sitting alone in my chamber dreary,
As the coals in the grate were burning low,
Came on white wings to my spirit weary
A dream of my boyhood long ago—

Came back in my dream a bygone morning,
A shady nook 'neath the drooping trees,
A scent of violets—to me, forlorn in
My garret-home, sleep gave thoughts like these:—

Felt folded palms a soft, warm pressure,
Felt sweet-warped lips a long-lost kiss;
Oh! if a dream brings back life's treasure,
Through life I would dream on, dreams like this!

Slow changed the scene to a churchyard lonely,
Where I'd sobbed out my soul in days of yore;
A grave—trampled clay—and the dank grass only,
A wailing night wind—and—nothing more.

Bright changed the dream to full dawn in Heaven:
No more I stooped 'neath affliction's rod;
Earth's sorrows and sins forgot, forgiven,
We walked o'er the golden hills of God.

Sunk in my soul weird music stealing,
Heard only in childhood's cradled years,
Remembered in manhood, like the feeling
Of a dream one wakes from with scalding tears.

* * * * *

Back to my soul came the wistful yearning,
The weary want, and the hopeless pain,
As I woke to work, with the lamp still burning,
The wailing wind, and the pattering rain!

W. B. B. Stevens.

BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

BY THOMAS SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER XVII.

MR. BRACKENRIDGE'S NOCTURNAL ADVENTURE.

Cliff Cottage, as the reader is already aware, formed one of two small semi-detached houses standing on the outskirts of Normanford. The remaining house was dignified with the title of Beech Lodge, and was the residence of Mr. Brackenridge the chemist. Mr. Brackenridge's little establishment was supervised by his sister Hannah, a light-complexioned, demure-faced young woman, with quiet, sly manners, thoroughly devoted to her brother. Hannah's little scraps of local gossip, which she used to retail to Brackenridge over his meals, were generally regarded by that worthy as so much empty jabber, and treated with a contempt which he was at no pains to conceal; but of late, Hannah had found a subject for gossip in the sayings and doings of their new neighbor, Mr. John English, as retailed her daily, with sundry amplifications and exaggerations, by Mrs. Jakeway, and as noted by her own sharp eyes and ears, which never seemed to fail in interesting her brother. It was a subject, too, on which Hannah herself was never weary of dilating; for, to reveal a little secret, she had fallen in love, in her quiet, self-possessed way, with the handsome young photographer, and every little circumstance connected with him had a special interest in her eyes.

Gurney Brackenridge was sitting over his tea one evening, a few days after John English's interview with Mrs. Winch, as related in the last chapter; and Hannah was sitting opposite to him, replenishing his cup as often as it was empty, and keeping him supplied with fresh slices of toast. The chemist detested both his shop and his profession, as, indeed, he did anything that necessitated labor, either of head or hands; and he generally contrived to reach home between seven and eight o'clock, leaving later customers to the tender mercies of his assistant. He had lately been prescribing for Mrs. Jakeway, whose health was somewhat out of repair.

"Let her go on with the mixture as before," said Mr. Brackenridge, in reply to a remark by his sister, that the old lady was worse rather than better to-day.

"I was in to see her about an hour ago," said Hannah, "and found her quite nervous at the idea of having to pass the night all alone in the house."

"All alone! How's that?" said the chemist, looking up with sudden interest.

"Oh, she contrived to quarrel with her servant this morning, and sent her about her business at a moment's notice.

"That's Mother Jake all over," remarked the chemist; "always quarrelling with her servants, and always getting fresh ones.—But where's Mr. E.?"

"Oh, he went out on business this morning by the train, and left word that he should not be home till some time to-morrow."

"Not home till to-morrow?" said the chemist quickly. Then, after a thoughtful pause, during which he sat gazing intently into the fire, he said: "You will be going in to see Mother Jake again, I suppose, before the evening is over?"

"Yes," said Hannah; "I promised to go in at half-past nine, and give the old lady her medicine, and see the premises all safe for the night."

"And quite right, too," said her brother. "But, before you go in, Hannah, I will give you a pill, which you must strictly enjoin her to take the last thing before getting into bed: and, Hannah, while you are there, just contrive to leave unfastened the shutters and window of the back sitting-room. Do you understand?"

The eyes of brother and sister met in a long, steady gaze. "I understand," said Hannah slowly. "It shall be done."

It never entered into the mind of Hannah Brackenridge to question any order of her brother. Implicit obedience to his slightest wish was the rule of her life. Had Gurney said to her: "Hannah, oblige me by giving Mother Jake a quarter of an ounce of prussic acid," I think it probable that she would have complied with his request without demur.

Gurney, meanwhile, sat brooding at home in company with his pipe. Mrs. Winch's refusal to reveal to him the nature of the hidden bond that united her and Lady Spencelaugh in a common grudge against the young photographer, still preyed an undigested wrong, upon his mind. "Curse you both!" he muttered, shaking his fist at a china shepherd and shepherdess fixed in permanent loving embrace on the chimney-piece. "I'll find out the secret for myself, without any help from you, Martha, my dear; and then won't I make her Ladyship pay through the nose to keep me quiet! Mother Jake says her lodger is always writing—that he keeps a journal—more fool he!—so there ought to be something among his papers, if I could only get at 'em, which would give me the clue to what I want to know. At all events, I'll try. Nothing risk, nothing have. I shall be a gentleman yet—I know I shall."

Presently, he heard his sister letting herself in at the front-door. "Well, have you made all square?" he said as she entered the room.

"I have done as you wished me to do," replied Hannah.

"Has the old woman taken her pill?"

"Yes; I stayed with her while she took it."

"Get me out the brandy bottle, and then you can go to bed as soon as you like."

"Yes, Gurney," said the obedient Hannah; and having set out the favorite black bottle, together with hot water and sugar, she kissed her brother on the forehead; and the next minute he heard her going softly up stairs to bed.

The chemist sat smoking and drinking till the clock struck eleven. "Old Mother Jake ought to be as sound as a top by this time, or else there's no virtue in my pill," he muttered to himself; and putting down his pipe, he rose, and went quietly into the next room, taking the candle with him. Having unlocked a drawer, he took out of it a pair of list slippers, a dark-lantern, a bunch of skeleton keys, a small life-preserver, a black overcoat, and a sort of skull-cap, made of the skin of some animal, with the hair outside, and having long flaps to come low down over the ears, and tie under the chin. After inducting himself into the overcoat, slippers, and cap—and so disguised, Hannah herself would hardly have known him at the first glance—he put the lantern, the keys, and the life-preserver into his pocket, blew out the candle, and let himself noiselessly out by a door which opened into the garden at the back of the house. The gardens of Beech Lodge and Cliff Cottage ran parallel one to the other, with only a low wall between them, than which the outer walls, shutting themselves in at sides and back, were considerably higher. The houses stood by themselves, with fields on three sides of them, which sloped gently up from the backs of the two gardens to where a thick plantation of young trees crowned the prospect.

The night was cold, calm, and overcast; and Hannah, sitting at her bedroom window shrouded in a thick shawl, could barely distinguish the black ominous shadow gliding stealthily over the sward below. At length it stopped for a moment, as if to reconnoitre, she still watching it with straining eyes; then, satisfied apparently that it was unseen, it leaped quickly over the dividing-wall, and half crouching, half running, passed swiftly out of sight, doubling back towards the rear of Cliff Cottage. Hannah had taken the precaution to open her window an inch or two at the bottom; and after listening intently for a short time, she heard a slight creaking noise, which she knew to be produced by the opening of Mrs. Jakeway's window; followed by another and a fainter creak, as the intruder closed it behind him; and then Hannah knew that so far her brother had safely accomplished his purpose, whatever that purpose might be.

The heart of Gurney Brackenridge failed him a little when he found himself standing alone in the dark in the little room which he had entered in so felonious a manner; but a hearty pull at a spirit-flask, which he had not failed to bring with him, revived in some measure his fainting courage; and after the further stimulus of a double-distilled oath, muttered discreetly in his throat, he set about his perquisition with something of his old confidence. As a friend of Mrs. Jakeway, he was well acquainted with the interior of Cliff Cottage, and knew the position of the furniture; so that a very slender ray of light from his lantern sufficed to guide him safely to the door of the room in which he then was. This room was on the ground-floor, and at the back of the house; but the object of which he was in search would be found, if anywhere, in the first-floor front, that being Mr. John English's sitting-room. So up the stairs in his list slippers, Mr. Brackenridge stole lightly, scarcely venturing to breathe till he found himself safe on the landing at the top. Three doors opened on to this landing—namely, that of Mrs. Jakeway's bedroom, that of John English's bedroom, and that of the latter's sitting-room. Mr. Brackenridge, applying his ear to the keyhole of Mrs. Jakeway's door, could hear the old lady breathing stertorously as she lay asleep; and a grim smile stole over his face as he listened. Softly he turned the handle, and softly he opened the door—a little way, just far enough to enable him to insert his arm, and draw the key from the inside. In another minute, Mrs. Jakeway was safely locked up in her own room.

Mr. Brackenridge's next proceeding was to enter John English's bedroom; but a brief glance round it, with the full light of his lantern turned on, was sufficient to satisfy his curiosity. Next into the sitting-room, where his first act was to draw the thick moreen curtains carefully across the windows, so that no ray of light could penetrate to the outside. Having closed the door, and feeling perfectly secure from intrusion, he lighted one of the two mould-candles on the table, and then refreshed himself with another drain from his flask. His scheme, so far, had succeeded admirably; but the most difficult part of it was yet to come. John English's brass-bound mahogany writing-desk lay on the table before him, but fast locked; and if none of the skeleton keys he had brought with him were capable of opening it, he would still be as far as ever from the object of his search. One after the other he tried them carefully and knowingly, in a style which seemed to indicate that it was not the first time he had fingered them; and one after the other they failed to touch the tongue of the lock, and were put aside as useless. The chemist's brow grew damp; his hands began to tremble; there was only one key left untried. He passed with it in his fingers for a moment, and glanced nervously around. The candle had guttered down for want of snuffing, and burned with a dull, unsteady flame; his own shadow, sprawling up the wall and half across the ceiling, struck him as hideous and unfamiliar. "Serve me right for coming on such a fool's errand!" he muttered to himself. "I wish I was well out of it."

He inserted the last key in the lock as he spoke; it gave a little click, and his heart echoed the sound. He forgot his nervousness in a moment; and after opening the room-door, and listening intently for a couple of minutes, he went back lightly to the table, drew the candle nearer, and opened the desk. The first articles that engaged Brackenridge's attention were a number of letters, some of recent, and some of old date. A cursory glance satisfied him that the majority of them were merely business letters; but there were a few from John's sick friend at Nice, which gave promise of more interest, and the chemist deliberately set to work to read them through. He found several passages in them in which the names of Mrs. Winch and those of the different members of the family at Belair, were mentioned; but for want of a clue to what John himself had written, most of the allusions were past his comprehension. There was only one passage that he thought it worth his while to copy, and even that referred to things which as yet were so many mysteries to him, but which he hoped would not be so for long. The passage in question ran as follows: "What you tell me with regard to your recognition of the portrait of Mrs. Winch's brother, and the note intended for Lady Spencelaugh which came so singularly under your notice, certainly seems to point to some hidden link of connection between yourself and these two women. The matter is undoubtedly worth further investigation, but I would not advise you to build too lofty a superstructure of hopes on so weak a foundation. From your description of Mrs. Winch, I should imagine her to be a very dangerous sort of woman. Make yourself acquainted, if possible, with her antecedents and past history. If it is to her interest to hide certain facts from you, it is equally to your interest to have those facts brought to light. I agree with you that, as it stands at present, the case is not one to call for legal assistance, but there is no knowing how soon it may be."

Brackenridge turned to the desk with heightened curiosity, and there, at the very bottom, under a further litter of business documents, he found a thin morocco-bound volume, labelled "Diary," on which he pounced with avidity. A very brief inspection of it was sufficient to enable him to find the date of John English's arrival at Normanford; and commencing at that point, he read forward carefully and steadily to the end. It was disappointing to find that end only brought him to a period some three weeks anterior to the date of his reading, after which time not a line had been written. Then, again, the Diary was by no means so fully written as he had expected to find it; to the chemist's thinking, it did not enter sufficiently into detail; its narration of interesting facts was by far too bald and commonplace. The only philosophy, however, was to make the best of it as it was; and with several growls of dissatisfaction, Brackenridge turned over one page after another, till he had gone completely through it. He read the account of John's recognition of the portrait; he read a copy of the note intended for Lady Spencelaugh, as closely as John could recollect the words (and that puzzled him more than anything;) he read the account of John's reception at Belair; and finally, he read how a certain local rhyme, relating to the bells of St. Seven, had floated strangely into John's memory in the middle of the night. The interviews with Mr. Edwin and Mrs. Winch were after-events not set down in the Diary.

Brackenridge had gained something by his nefarious scheme, but certainly not so much as he had hoped for. He had gathered the vague outline of some dark conspiracy, in the meshes of which John English was blindly struggling; but beyond that, he had learned nothing. Baffled and enraged, he sat for some minutes brooding silently with the Diary before him. Suddenly, he heard the faint click of the garden wicket, and the crunching of gravel, as some one came up the little pathway towards the front-door. He started at the sound like the guilty scoundrel he was. In another moment he had put back the Diary and letters, and had closed the desk; but he had no recollection of the process afterwards. Then he blew out the candles, and stepping lightly, made for the door, hoping to get back undetected by the way he had come. But he was too late already; the intruder, who, indeed, could be none other than John English come back by the last train, had admitted himself by means of a latch-key, and was now rubbing his feet on the mat. Big, brawny fellow though Gurney Brackenridge was, he shunned the risk of an encounter in the dark with the sinewy young photographer, and showed his wisdom thereby. With the instinct of despair, he turned back into the room, and winding his way noiselessly between the chairs and tables, made for one of the windows, and drawing the thick curtains on one side, slipped behind them, and breathed once more.

Scarcely was this accomplished, when John English entered the room. Mrs. Jakeway, not expecting him home till morning, had omitted to place a candle and matches on the bracket in the hall, and he was consequently still in the dark; but, after a few failures, he contrived to get a light from his fusees.

"Phew! how close and fusty the room smells!" he exclaimed aloud. "A little fresh air would be an improvement;" and stalking to the window where Brackenridge was not, he drew aside the curtain, and flung up the sash, and let the cool night-air into the little room. "One last pipe, and then to bed," said John still aloud; and presently a waft of Cavendish penetrated to where the chemist lay perdue, revolving black schemes of revenge against the man who had been the unconscious means of placing him in so dangerous a predicament. How slowly the lagging minutes seemed to wear themselves away till John English, having finished his pipe, shut down the window, and after a last glance round, took the light with him, and went to bed! Brackenridge now breathed more freely, and allowed his cramped limbs a slight change of posture; but he knew that there was still a long dreary watch to be undergone before he might venture to leave his hiding-place, and try to steal away on the chance of John being soundly asleep. He heard one quarter after another chimed by the clock of the little church on the hill; but not till five of them had come and gone did he venture to emerge from his hiding-place. His lantern had burned itself out by this time, and he durst not venture to strike a match. He made his way across the room in the direction of the door, as a child goes up stairs, a step at a time, slowly. He had passed the table, and had coasted safely round the easy-chair, which, with its great sprawling legs, formed a dangerous obstacle in the dark, and was groping with outstretched hands for the expected door, when he suddenly stumbled over John's travelling-case, which lay directly in his path, and in trying to save himself, he unconsciously clutched a frail mahogany whatnot, on which reposed several of Mrs. Jakeway's most cherished ornaments, and so came headlong to the floor with a terrible crash. With an instinct that would have done credit to a practiced burglar, he lay perfectly still. Through the thin dividing-wall, he heard the creak of the bedstead, as John sprang suddenly up; and then a doubting "Who's there?" as though no answer were expected. None was given; and after a moment or two of intense silence, he heard John growl out something about "those confounded cats," and then turn over, to catch up the broken end of his sleep.

Brackenridge lay for fully half an hour among the fragments of Mrs. Jakeway's china, without stirring a limb. At the end of that time, he gathered himself up slowly and cautiously, without making as much noise as would have frightened a mouse. Then the door was noiselessly opened, and he found himself on the mat outside, and everything quiet so far. There was the landing to cross next, and then the stairs to descend, after which he would feel himself in comparative safety. But there was a loose plank in the flooring near the top of the stairs, and of course (as he afterwards said) it was like his "cursed luck" that he should happen to put his foot on it, which he did. John English slept as lightly as a Red Indian, and the familiar sound of the loose plank awoke him in an instant—awoke him to the consciousness that there must be some one in the house who had no business there, and with him, in such a case, action followed instantly on thought. Brackenridge heard John's leap out of bed, and turning on the instant, he sprang at the bedroom door, and turned the key in the lock, having noticed previously that it was on the outside; then down the stairs, and through the lower room, and out of the French window into the garden at a headlong pace.

Strong man though John English was, the stout old door resisted all his efforts to open it, a fact which he was not long in discovering; so he turned at once to the window, which looked out at the back of the house, and flung up the lower sash—turned in time to see a dark figure speeding along the garden, evidently making for the wall, and so over that into the fields beyond. John was never without firearms—he had a hunter's love for them—and in a case on his dressing-table was a brace of pistols, from one of which the charge had not been drawn, and the little drawer in his looking-glass was full of caps. It was the work of a moment to find his pistol in the dark, and put a fresh cap on the nipple. The clouds had cleared away, and the stars were shining brightly; and just as the man had succeeded in mounting the wall, John took steady aim, and fired. The man gave a loud cry, and flinging up his arms, dropped to the ground like a piece of lead on the other side of the wall.

"My God! perhaps I have killed him," exclaimed John to himself with a shudder, for he had fired in the heat of his passion, without a thought for after-consequences; and he began to hurry on a few articles of dress, preparatory to going down to look after the burglar. But scarcely had two minutes elapsed, when his quick eyes caught sight of a figure hurrying up the sloping ground behind the garden, and evidently making for the shelter of the plantation at the top of the hill. John paused in his dressing, and watched the figure till it was lost to view among the young trees.

"I'm glad I didn't kill him," murmured John to himself. "Let the beggar go. He's not worth troubling about further; but I think he has got something that will make him remember his visit to Cliff Cottage."

An hour later, the watchful Hannah, who had never been to bed, admitted her brother quietly at the front-door; and, like a sensible young woman, dressed his wound, and sympathised with him, without asking him any impertinent questions as to how he had come by his mishap.

CHAPTER XVIII.

KATAPANGO THE MAGICIAN.

Mr. Brackenridge's wound, without being a dangerous one, was sufficiently severe to confine him to the house for several days. It was given out in Normanford that he had fallen and sprained his left shoulder, and as he had sufficient knowledge of surgery to enable him to dispense with the services of a doctor in the case, the secret of his night's adventure was confined to himself and his sister. Hannah tended him faithfully, and asked no questions; being, indeed, well aware, from previous experience, that her brother always "cut up rough," as he himself termed it, when cross-examined against his will. Mr. Brackenridge's temper, which was not angelic at the best of times, was by no means improved by confinement to his own room; but his fits of captious irritability were interspersed with long hours of silent, gloomy brooding, during which—so Hannah's feminine instinct told her—he was busy hatching some black scheme of revenge against his neighbor next door, a scheme which that taciturn and quietly-watchful young person determined to do her utmost to frustrate. She loved the handsome young photographer, this thin pale-faced girl, who was so shy and retiring, and yet who never blushed; loved him with a love which could not exactly be called hopeless, because no element of hope had ever entered into the composition of it. Hannah Brackenridge had too much cold good sense to dream, even in her wildest moments, that John English would ever seek to woo and win such a one as herself. She loved him propositionally—with an *if*. If she had been very handsome, and very rich, and very accomplished, she would have striven to lure this wild hawk to her side, and put her jesses round him, and hold him as her own for ever. But being none of these things, being only a poor pale-faced girl, with scarcely a word to say for herself in the presence of strangers, she was fain to cherish her little dream of love as a flower on which no sun would ever shine. Mrs. Jakeway and she were very friendly, and a day seldom passed without the chemist's sister paying one or more visits to Cliff Cottage; and thus it was that she made the acquaintance of John, who had always a smile and a pleasant word for the shy, quiet girl, who was so different in every way from her blustering, loud-voiced brother.

Mr. Brackenridge was quite as glad to get about again, and look after the interest of his business, as his sister was to be relieved from further attendance on him as an invalid. There was no inhabitant of Normanford who talked, and surmised, and wondered more about the attempted burglary at Cliff Cottage, than the gossip-loving chemist, who had a long talk respecting it with the head-constable of the little town on the very day of his recovery; and who examined with much interest the bunch of skeleton keys which had been picked up in Mr. English's room, and which, it was hoped, would ultimately lead to the discovery of the offender. The affair had been a source of considerable excitement in so small a place, and when Mr. Brackenridge declared in open conclave in the smoke-room of the *Hand and Dagger*, that he had heard a pistol-shot on the night in question, but had been too lazy to get out of bed and inquire into the cause of it, he became quite an authority in the matter, and was taken by the button on the following morning, and treated to two "sherries" and three "bitters" by certain friends who had not been so fortunate as to hear his narrative of the previous evening. It was a fortunate thing, everybody declared, that Mr. English was not in the habit of keeping money or other valuables in his writing-desk; and that beyond having his desk broken open, and his letters and papers tossed about, no harm had been done. The head-constable gave it as his opinion, to a small circle of private friends, that the whole affair bore the mark of a practised London hand, and that before the winter was over they would probably hear of other attempts, no great distance away. A shudder ran through Normanford at these tidings, the inhabitants of which became all at once very particular in looking after the fastenings of their doors and windows, those people being, as a rule, the most careful in that respect who had the least to lose. Mrs. Jakeway had a famous time of it, you may be sure. She had no less than eighteen invitations to tea at different houses in the course of the four weeks following the attack; and a little china shepherdess, which had been broken by the fall of the whatnot, was looked upon with much interest wherever she went. But days and weeks passed away without affording any clue to the perpetrator of the offence, and the topic was gradually worn threadbare by much discussion, and fell silently into the background, yielding place to the more immediate interests of the day.

As before stated, Normanford was six miles from any railway; but a rude two-horse omnibus, built for travelling over heavy country roads, ran twice a day to Duke's Hill Station, eight miles away, to meet the morning and evening mail trains. John English having certain business to transact at the other end of the county, started one bright frosty morning by the nine o'clock 'bus from Normanford. About a mile out of the town, they stopped to take up a passenger, who mounted to the roof, and took the vacant seat next John, and proved to be none other than Mr. Brackenridge the chemist, also on his way to the station at Duke's Hill. The two men greeted each other with a hearty good-morning: to any one not absolutely his enemy, John English would have done no less. He disliked Brackenridge, and would have gone half a mile out of his way any day to avoid his company, and yet he had not been able altogether to shirk the intimacy which the other was so evidently desirous of forcing upon him; for it not unfrequently happened that in going to or returning from the town to his lodgings, he would be overtaken by Brackenridge, who always accommodated his pace to that of John for the remainder of the way; and unless a man is an absolute bear, he must in such a case speak when he is spoken to, even though his replies be confined to monosyllables. Then, again, John had been indebted to the chemist for finding him a trustworthy man to carry his apparatus when photographing about the country. There was a further bond of union between them—the bond which unites two men who are smokers, and capable of appreciating a good cigar. On two occasions, the chemist had sent Hannah into Cliff Cottage, with his compliments, and would Mr. English oblige him by accepting a dozen weeds of a choice brand? and when your next-door neighbor does that, what can you do but accept the favor with thanks? So, on the present occasion, John and Brackenridge, sitting side by side on the top of the 'bus, entered into conversation readily and at once.

Normanford lies in a valley, as does also, despite its name, the station at Duke's Hill. The hill itself is about a mile away to the north, and must be crossed by a road, which winds right over its summit, before the railway can be reached. From the highest point of this road, there is one of the finest views in all Monkshire; and here the 'bus always halts for three minutes, for the double purpose of breathing the horses, and giving the passengers time to admire the extensive prospect. From one particular spot, a glimpse of the sea can be obtained over a break in the ridge of intervening downs, and this view was pointed out by Brackenridge to John. The sky was so unclouded this morning, and the atmosphere so clear and free from haze, that the distant line where sky and sea met was barely distinguishable.

"What is the name of that little island out there to the east?" said John. "I have seen it several times in my rambles along the shore, but have never learned its name."

"That is the isle of Inchmallow," said the chemist. "It lies three miles from the mainland. You have never visited it, I suppose?"

"Certainly not," said John. "Why should I?"

"For no reason that I know of, except that it can boast some interesting ruins, and you have a taste that way, I understand."

"What are the ruins you speak of?"

"Those of the Hermitage of St. Bertram."

"And, pray, who was St. Bertram?"

"Oh, one of those old Romish fellows who lived a tremendous while ago. He pretended that he saw visions; and he went and lived out on the island all by himself, a sort of half-and-half Crusoe, but without a Man Friday to bear him company."

"But how did he obtain his food so far from the mainland?"

"Oh, by cultivating a patch of ground, I suppose; and by the offerings of pious folk who went out to him in boats. He lived in a hole hollowed out of the rock; and when he died, they made a saint of him, and built what they called a Hermitage over his cave, where a certain number of monks from the old abbey just beyond Eastringham used to go and reside turn and turn about. But the Hermitage is in ruins, and has been for centuries; only people say that the arch of the great window, and one or two other bits that are left, are as fine specimens of that sort of thing as you will find in a day's ramble; but, for my own part, I know nothing of architecture."

"I must visit the little island," said John, "and see whether the ruins are worth sketching. What means of access are there to it?"

"Only name the day you would like to go," said the chemist warmly, "and there shall be as neat a little boat at your service as you will find within a dozen miles, together with a man to pull you there and back again."

John, who had no desire to lay himself under further obligations to the chemist, would fain have declined the offer thus pressed upon him; but Brackenridge seemed so earnest in the matter, that after doing his best to back out of it, he was obliged to yield a reluctant consent.

"If convenient, you had better name an early day for your visit," said Brackenridge. "This fine weather may not last much longer."

"To-day is Tuesday," said John. "I shall be disengaged on Friday, if that day will suit you, and the weather prove favorable."

"Friday let it be," said the chemist, as he made a note in his pocket-book. "A man and boat shall be waiting for you at 10.30 A. M. at Finger Bay—rather an out-of-the-way place, by the by.—Oh, you know it, do you? Then that's all right.—And now, here we are at the station."

When Mr. Brackenridge reached home that evening, his first words to his sister were: "Send down to the *Hand and Dagger*, and tell Jerry Winch I want to see him."

"Jerry is here, waiting for you," said Hannah.

"What brings him here, I wonder? But send him in, and leave us together."

Brackenridge and Jerry were very good friends; indeed, it was through a well-simulated liking for the son that the chemist had won his first step in the affections of the mother. Jerry looked up to Brackenridge as to a man of unlimited knowledge, who wielded the power of life and death in the shape of terrible drugs; and who could, if he were so minded, cause any one who offended him to wither away and die in some mysterious manner.

He came slouching in, in his usual shamefaced way, twirling his hat between his fingers, and seated himself on the extreme edge of a chair, in obedience to the chemist's bidding. Brackenridge had studied Jerry's peculiarities, and waited till the lad had swallowed a cup of tea, and devoured a couple of muffins, before asking him a single question.

"Well, Jerry, my man, and what has brought you up here?" he said at last, as the lad proceeded to rub his sleeve across his mouth.

"Pipanta is ill, and Jerry wants a charm to make her better."

"What is the matter with her ladyship?" asked the chemist.

"She refuses to eat; she refuses to dance when her lord plays sweet music; she is no longer glad, but very, very melancholy."

The chemist turned from the table, and sat staring into the fire for a full quarter of an hour, without speaking, Jerry meanwhile sitting patiently twirling his hat, but with a furtive eye on the plate of muffins, momently growing colder on the table.

"Jerry," said the chemist, turning round at last, and speaking in a solemn voice, "Pipanta is not ill—she is enchanted!"

A low cry escaped from Jerry; he half started up in his chair, and then sat down again, trembling violently.

"Yes, enchanted, cursed by a magic spell," repeated Brackenridge. "Katafango, the great magician, has cast an evil eye upon her. Pipanta will never recover, unless—" The chemist paused, and looked earnestly at his half-witted companion; but Jerry had not sufficient sense to fill up the hiatus with the question which would have come naturally to the lips of any one else, and Brackenridge waited in vain. "Unless," he resumed slowly and impressively—"unless Katafango, the great magician, were to die. In that case, Pipanta would certainly recover."

"Oh, tell me," cried Jerry, starting up, "where does this great magician live?" Jerry will go to him, and will pray him on his knees to spare the life of his lovely Pipanta."

The chemist laughed a loud, scornful laugh. "You don't know what you would ask, my poor lad," he said. "Katafango is king of the Toads; and when Pipanta dies, he will take her soul, and put it into the body of a poisonous toad, and it will remain a toad for ever. And then Mogaddo will follow the same fate: the spell is on them both."

The lad started up, his mobile lips quivering with white passion, and his blue eyes all aflame. He sidled up behind Brackenridge's chair, and laying a long thin finger on the chemist's arm, said in a sort of shrill whisper: "Jerry will kill him!"

"Hush! my poor boy; you must not talk in that wild way," said Brackenridge soothingly. "Do you know who he is—this terrible magician? You see him nearly every day."

"No! Who?" said Jerry in an eager whisper.

"He who lives next door, who makes the sun take pictures for him—the tall man with the long black beard." Jerry fell back a foot or two in dismay. "What stranger but he," continued Brackenridge, "ever played with Pipanta as he played with her the first time he saw her? It was then he cast his spell over her. Lovely Pipanta must die."

"Pipanta shall not die!" exclaimed Jerry, all aglow with nervous excitement. "Give Jerry some of that nice white powder out of the jar on the top shelf in the shop, and Jerry will mix it with what the magician eats, and *he* shall die. Hoo, hoo, hoo!"

"Nay, nay, Jerry, my man; that would never do," said the chemist. "We cannot prevent Pipanta dying, unless—" And again he paused, and looked earnestly at Jerry. "Listen to me," he resumed. "He of whom we have been speaking is going on Friday to the island of Inchmallow, and I want you, Jerry, to row him across."

"Want Jerry to do it? No, no, no; Jerry dare not!"

"Tush, man! he has no power to harm you, or I would not ask you to go with him. But to make everything quite sure, I will give you a charm which I have up stairs, locked up in an iron chest, with which you may set at defiance all the enchanters and witches in the world.—And now, come nearer; I want to talk to you seriously. You must be at Finger Bay at half-past ten on Friday morning. *He* will come there, and you will row him across to the island.—And now attend carefully to what I am about to say;" and with that, the chemist's voice sank to a whisper. Jerry, sitting motionless by his side, drank in his words eagerly.

Half an hour later, Brackenridge himself let Jerry out by the front-door, and then stood listening to the lad's retreating footsteps, as he went swiftly down the hill. "A devilish thing to do," muttered the chemist to himself; "but I'm not going to funk it now." And as he turned to go indoors, he heard with a shudder the faint sound of Jerry's weird laughter far down the road.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ An article in a London magazine dilates on the palatable quality of steaks from lions and tigers. It is not certain about lions, but it is said that those who "fight the tiger" rarely get their steaks.

☞ There is an editor in North Carolina with seven bullets in his body—received in duels and street encounters. His paper ought to be called the "Bullet-in," and contain all "leaded matter," remarks an exchange.

☞ On Good Friday, in a town in North Wales, an elderly minister with a bald pate judiciously selected for his text: "My sins are greater in number than the hairs on my head."

THE WIDOW OF PISA.

BY PAUL HEYSE.

TRANSLATED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY AUBER FORESTIER.

"Altogether it seems to me that you hold too favorable an opinion of the Italian women."

"How so?" I asked.

"I have read some of your novels. Well, you yourself must confess that these Arrabiatas and Anninos are rather more sparsely sown in the South than the credulous reader is likely to imagine. By-the-by, just between ourselves, are these creatures of your imagination, or studies from life?"

"Exact copies of the Nature which would hardly consider its originals could gain anything from my improvements."

"That may be! But still you cannot deny that you have purposely selected the best specimens? You must not grumble either if people come to call you an Idealist."

"Grumble! Why should I? That would place me in such good company that I should rejoice were I tolerated there. Besides, most worthy friend, in the strictest confidence let me tell you: I have never introduced a personage who did not possess some amiable qualities; moreover, never a female character with whom I was not in a certain degree in love. Wherefore should I trouble myself in the realms of Poesie with what was indifferent or repulsive to me in every-day life! There are enough others who delight in painting the disagreeable. Let each one go his own way."

"That sounds very fine, and is perhaps true! I don't understand these things myself, but I have always heard it said that fiction should reflect life as from a mirror. Well, then, life has also its reverse side; and to *truth* both lights and shadows belong. Do you not think that it is a duty you owe to truth to take notice of the less charming creatures who must surely exist even in Italy?"

"If I were writing a book upon the character of the Italian people—certainly! But I am only writing tales. Now, pray, whom am I deceiving but such as choose to deceive themselves, if I prefer choosing subjects to please myself to giving shadows from the reverse side of Nature? But you make me curious about your reverse side. What have you to say about it?"

"Hm! That is not so easily told. If I am not mistaken what attracts you to these women is their unsophisticated Nature, their want of exaggerated, tame boarding-school training, in a word their native freshness."

"Not to forget the noble race from which they have sprung, and those rich endowments which render training much less necessary than it would be to a needier nature," I added.

"That, of course, understood! I will grant you that the passions assume a certain grand form beneath these skies, a natural sublimity, even the most insane ones; yes, that even the chief passion of the sex—as well this as the other side of the mountains—with all its laughableness has here a touch of grandeur."

"The chief passion?"

"I mean the mania for husband-seeking. You laugh? I can tell you that since I had an opportunity of making my own studies upon this point, I look upon it as no jest."

"It is upon this very subject that I am curious."

"Then I shall not withhold from you the adventure—although I know it can afford no useful material to an Idealist like you. First, though, I must get some fire from our guide. *'Un po' di fuoco, s'il vous plait, Monsieur!'*

This dialogue took place one beautiful summer evening, upon the top of a French diligence which was being dragged up the broad road of "Mont Cenis" by two horses and fourteen mules. Although the sky was bright with stars, but a faint light was shed upon valleys below the mountain road, shaded as they were by the thick foliage of the chestnut trees, so that the passengers must give up all hope of enjoying the prospect. And, as the cracking of whips, the cries of the postillions, and the hundredfold tinkling of the bells would not permit sleep, a poor German author could not be otherwise than content at finding three thousand feet above the level of the sea so good-natured a critic as, in spite of all differences of opinion, my neighbor seemed to be. We had travelled together in the railway from Turin to the edge of the mountain, each one silently leaning back in his corner. The ice had first been broken by a mutual exclamation when we stopped to take the stage, at the discovery that we were not altogether strangers.

"Do you know Pisa?" he asked, as soon as he had lighted his cigar from that of the Frenchman.

I replied that a short time previous I had spent a whole fortnight in this quietest of all University towns in the world, to carry on certain studies.

"Well, then, perhaps after all you know my widow either by sight or by hearsay. Have you ever passed a house with green shutters in the broad street called Borgo, and heard from a window upon the second floor, a Soprano voice singing that Duet from Norma:

"Ah sin all'ore all'ore estreme!"

I replied in the negative.

"Then, thank Providence!" he said with a sigh that seemed to come from a heavy heart. "You see this voice came near being my ruin. I am unfortunately no musician, else I should have been warned instead of being allured into the net. But, you see, when a fellow has been about in a few dozen dirty student's-lodgings—the neatly furnished ones are all taken about the middle of the session—and then hears a woman's voice warbling from a neat, clean house, that has moreover a bill upon it announcing lodgings to let, it can readily be understood how this should sound like a voice from Heaven, even were he a better musician than I. I must prelude my adventure by telling what was my business in Pisa. You will soon see the connection. I am an architect, you know. In the little German town which, narrow and contracted as it is, I love and honor as my fatherland, I may say without being accused of boasting, I am the only one of my trade who knows how to build anything superior to the ordinary three-storied human habitations. If ever you should come to N———, you must not fail to visit our new arsenal, in which the seven canons of the place are carefully held under lock and bar, so that they may not be shot away over the borders. This arsenal I planned, gaining thereby not only the gratitude of my fatherland but also that of our serene highness, the Duke. Should he ever be able to carry out his favorite plan of building a wall around his territory upon the plan of the Chinese wall, I may be sure of that honorable commission. As a preliminary, he showed me his favor in an insignificant, but to me more agreeable way, in sending me upon a scientific mission to Italy. We possess, as one of the chief objects of interest to our city, right in the centre of our castle park, a 'Leaning Tower.' Ill-willed, unpatriotic people are of opinion that this curiosity has originated from a very simple cause. It seems that the soil of the vicinity has been softened by the constant overflowing of the fish-pond, and this they think has caused the sinking of the watch-tower. In no way can greater insult be given to our oldest inhabitants than by the utterance of this opinion. Therefore, when one day my experienced judgement was called in to decide the weighty question, I was diplomat enough to reply that as I had never visited Italy, I was not able to say what connection our 'Leaning Tower' might bear to those of Pisa, Bologna, Modena, &c., &c. Nothing but a comprehensive study of the collective slanting architecture of the middle ages could give a true appreciation of our home monumental structure. This had the desired effect. The very next day I received, through an official writing, the high and mighty commission to make an art tour of a year through Italy at the cost of the Cabinet, for the purpose of collecting materials for a comprehensive work upon the 'Leaning Towers' of Italy and Germany. I set off all the more joyously as I had been betrothed but a short time previous, and without so important a mission had hardly been able to tear myself away to see with my own eyes the far-famed land, a duty I had long owed to my calling."

"Permit me to observe," I said, "that after this last information, your experience regarding Italian women no longer appears to me as conclusive as before. A German *bridegroom* who has besides undertaken to make observations upon all the architecture with a slanting tendency—"

"Has a most honorable commission!" he interrupted, laughingly. "But then a year is a long time, and the master of the land as well as the mistress of my heart would no doubt find me excusable if I spent the hours of leisure in making a study of the horizontal beauties of the country. No, you must first hear my Pisa misfortunes. I had reserved my visit to this city until my homeward journey. I said to myself whenever I thought of the '*Campanile*' of the cathedral of Pisa—Hold in reserve

This great one for the last!—

and determined to spend four whole weeks in Pisa that I might make out all my mathematical calculations, and even write here in retirement a portion of my book, in order to be able to bring his Highness something to read as well as designs and draughts. Well, as I before said, I had almost given up finding a comfortable private boarding-house, when one sultry day at noon I sauntered along Borgo street, tired to death, and heard as a voice from Heaven, the warbling song from the window directly above the sign '*Camere da affittare.*" To spring forward, knock at the door, and picture to the Cinderella of a kitchen-maid my shelterless condition was, as clever narrators say, the work of a moment. The maid-servant measured me from head to foot. Then she laughed and shook her head. 'No, no,' she said 'there is nothing to let here.' 'But, the sign?' I asked, 'it is written there distinctly: "On the first floor!"' 'Yes, but not *per gli nomini!*' she replied, as she made ready to shut the door. 'What?' I cried, 'not for men? Well, then, I assure you upon my word of honor, you will find that an accommodating German can even transform himself into a brute beast if they alone can find comfortable quarters in Pisa!' '*Oho, eho!*' she said, ready to burst with laughter, that was not what she meant. The rooms were only not to let to a human of the male sex. Her mistress was a widow, and only took lady lodgers. However, if I would just walk in she would ask. So she led me, still laughing, through the kitchen into a neat apartment, where stood a double canopy bed, an old chest of drawers, and several rush-bottomed chairs, whilst about the stone-floor were carefully spread mats woven of the same materials; but what caught my eye chiefly was a square table in the centre of the floor, just such a one as I had longed for to comfortably spread my charts and portfolios upon. 'Here must thou remain!' cried a voice within me, 'even should the price be to deny thy sex, and daily wield the distaff and spindle!' Meanwhile, the music in the adjoining room suddenly breaks off, and I hear Cinderella deliver her message amidst much tittering. I hardly had time to prepare a touching address before the door opened and my widow entered, dressed in a white garment of a somewhat suspicious appearance, but still of perfect propriety, and her hair in curl papers; with a bearing and expression that plainly told me she had sometime trodden the boards. She was not bad-looking, I assure you. Somewhat too much inclined to corpulency perhaps, the nose rather too stumpy for my taste, no longer in the first bloom of youth, yet remarkably well-preserved for a widow, and with a pair of black eyes like,—well you must find a suitable comparison for yourself; what else are you poet for?

"I, as creative artist, had at first glance taken in all her advantages; yet had I been compelled to make use of her for the frontispiece of my great work, the beautiful, large table would have made her seem charming to me. I believe that in my whole life I have never exercised greater eloquence in a foreign language than now in conquering her virtuous prejudice. It is true, to be sure, I said that I was a man of the male sex, (*persona masculia*—choice Italian that); yet so like a woman in disposition that in my youth I had even learned netting from a beautiful woman. No one in the whole city had ever seen me go home intoxicated, and it was far from me now to learn ill manners in Pisa. I would even dispense with smoking if it were disagreeable to her, and would gladly pay in advance any price she chose to ask for the lodgings.

"She listened quietly to all I had to say, and my touching entreaties at last seemed to make an impression upon her. At all events, she said that for her own part she had no objections, but she was a young widow, and her uncle, the guardian of her children, did not wish her to endanger her good name by letting the now superfluous rooms to *gentlemen*.

"I immediately inquired the residence of this prudent man, and heard to my sorrow that I might not hope to try my powers of persuasion upon him, as he was absent upon a journey to Florence. 'Then must I really despair?' I cried, with such unmistakeable disappointment, (I had just been eyeing the table askant,) that the widow's kind heart, which was by no means framed of stone, began to melt. 'Come again in the afternoon,' she said. 'I will see if the thing is possible. Erminea, show the gentleman out.' With this she made the courtesy of a Princess who had just been giving audience to an ambassador, and I was graciously dismissed.

"Well, you can imagine I eat my *risotto* in that model *Trattoria* of Italy, the '*Nettuno*' on the '*Lungarno*,' in no little excitement, and drank just twice my usual quantity of wine. I must strengthen myself for the possibility, of which I could not think without terror, of knowing such a table to exist in Pisa, and yet often being obliged to help myself out of my difficulties with a temporary support built of chairs, boards and my umbrella.

"And at three o'clock, as I ascended the stone steps, my heart beat as though the mistress of the house was in question, instead of a wooden table. This time she received me dressed in black, and with a rather more elegant style of *coiffeure*, and seemed also somewhat embarrassed. This I looked upon as favorable, and was, therefore, not a little startled when without much prelude she told me that as her uncle was absent she had consulted her aunt, who proved to be of his opinion, that the step would by no means answer. 'A young widow'—and here she cast her eyes downwards with a real semblance of modesty—'who besides has been an artiste, and who is of an age when a second *life-happiness* might not be considered altogether improbable—you can understand that there are duties one owes to one's people, and my uncle's wish to see me married again—a *Galantuomo* like you, *Signor*, surely would not stand in the way of a lone young woman's future career.'

"'Quite on the contrary, dearest *Signora*,' I cried eagerly, keeping my eyes always upon the table, 'I should rather rejoice to have it in my power to prove to you how much I esteem your discretion, and how greatly I admire and honor the talents and virtues that adorn you. You are right, and your excellent uncle is right, a being like you is created to give and receive happiness. Poor man, who has had such a short time to enjoy this happiness! How long is it since he was torn from you?'

"'Ten months,' she replied, without seeming greatly affected by the reminiscence. 'He journeyed to Naples, fell among the brigands—and returned no more. Shall I show you his photograph?'

"With this she led the way into the adjoining room, which was rather more showily furnished, and evidently served as a kind of parlor. Here stood the piano, an elegant writing table near the window, whilst several fancy colored bird cages hung from the ceiling, and the walls were covered with portraits of distinguished theatre celebrities. In an unseemly frame above the sofa, entwined around with a dusty laurel wreath, hung the picture of a grave looking middle aged man, which she pointed out to me as her husband of blessed memory. Even now I could discover no traces of emotion upon her face. The canary birds screamed, a little watch-dog crept under the sofa and set up a howl, Cinderella tittered through the key-hole, and amidst all the tumult my beauty stood calmly talking of a new '*life happiness*,' inviting me meanwhile to take a seat beside her upon the 'sofa.'

"I expressed my astonishment that she should be free for ten months without being courted on all sides. 'I am hard to please,' she said. 'I was too happy with my Carlo to run the risk of binding myself to any one who might love me less than he. Several suitors have presented themselves; only day before yesterday a young Count, for example. I should have accepted him had he not been too young for me, only nineteen years old, and I am three-and-twenty. Poor fellow, I pitied him, but then what can I do? It is not possible to marry every one who loses his senses out of love.'

"'Certainly not,' I replied. 'What would you have done with such a child? Only a mature man, who knows something of life, would be able fully to estimate your worth, and in some measure to replace to you the lost one.'

"She sighed. 'Oh the men!' she said. 'They are all egotists! Youth only is capable of enthusiasm for beauty. The mature grow cold, and are no longer able to give happiness.'

"'Experience alone can prove that,' I said, half innocently, half to tempt her, for I soon perceived how matters stood, and that the aunt under certain conditions would gladly withdraw her *veto*. In addition to this, the whole adventure seemed to me so droll that the spirit of mischief within me prompted me to carry out the farce.

"'Beautiful *Signora*,' I said, 'by what name are you known?'

"'Lucrezia,' she replied, giving me a penetrating look with her motionless eyes.

"'Beautiful Lucrezia,' I continued, 'it is doubtless an act of Providence that I now sit upon this sofa. I have wandered far and wide (I meant in Pisa, searching for lodgings; she understood in the world,) and have no where found what I sought. In this house for the first time—and here I looked askant through the door at the splendid drawing-table—yes, Madonna Lucrezia, here I feel drawn to remain and make my home. You do not know me, and I do not know you, and therefore it would be over hasty to make plans now for the future. *Chi va piano, va sano.*'

"'But also *lontano*,' she said, reprovingly. 'Do you intend returning home again?'

"'It depends entirely upon you how long I breathe the air of Pisa,' I replied, with shameful ambiguity, answering too in the same underhand way her question as to whether I were married. 'No,' I said, 'not yet, but *I* am determined not to remain a bachelor half a year longer.' Then this noble soul put me to blush with her own frankness; she told me she had four children, the two youngest were with her aunt the greater part of the day, and the two eldest, one of four, one of five years of age, were in Florence with the mother of her blessed Carlo. 'That is charming,' I said. 'I hope I shall soon make the acquaintance of the little angels; I have a perfect passion for all kinds of household animals, children, dogs and canary birds.' 'O, you are an exception to most men,' she cried enthusiastically; 'my Carlo used to be ready to jump out of his skin when the children screamed, the birds twittered and I sang scales in between. You certainly must be an Englishman, they are all so eccentric.' 'No, only a German,' I replied; 'but even amongst us there are fools enough to be eccentric, or to become so for the sake of a pair of handsome eyes. Well, then, I may bring my trunks?'

"I accompanied this question with a respectful kiss upon her hand, arose and took my leave as hastily as decorum would permit me, so as not to put my victory in jeopardy. For had she brought out a contract for me to sign, in which paragraph one expressly stipulated matrimony, I would shamefully have exposed my double-tongued dealing. I pressed a couple of francs into the hand of the Cinderella Erminia, and an hour later I made my triumphant entrance, bag and baggage.

"During the first days I suffered no further inconvenience from my strategy, no skirmishes either in my conscience or within my private domains. The fair enemy whose fortress I had stormed seemed satisfied in merely observing me, for the cool manner in which she regarded the new '*life happiness*' gave her opportunity to find out what kind of a bargain she had made in her unknown lodger. To my sorrow, the result of her investigations seemed to accrue daily more and more to my favor. And in all modesty let me say I deserved it. A quieter, more patient, more industrious second husband than I represented in those days no young widow could desire, and if much was wanting in point of tenderness, it might be laid to the score of chivalrous discretion. When I came home from my surveying occupation at the '*Campanile*,' I planted myself in front of the aforesaid table to work out my draughts. Meanwhile, she might sing her '*Ah sin all'ore all'ore estreme*,' or any melting '*Cantilene*' in the next room to her heart's content; my dull ear, for which for the first time in my life I was thankful, assisted me in manfully resisting her allurements. Several times she sent in her children, who always ran wild amongst my portfolios and other effects, until I purchased peace and quiet with some oranges. Yet even in this trial my conduct was most exemplary. If I chanced to walk out upon the '*Lungarno*' in the cool of the evening amidst a swarm of students, citizens with their families, and a few young fops who exist here as well as elsewhere—but you have seen all this yourself—I was sure to meet my handsome hostess walking by the side of some lady friend, closely veiled, and with an air of widowed modesty, and I soon noticed that she had numerous admirers. Many of these would have died of envy had they known how completely I had matters in my own hand. I, however, satisfied myself with a respectful tipping of the hat; and, as a regular thing, only went home when I knew she had retired for the night. This took place pretty early, for like most Italian women, she was totally uneducated; and as with the exception of an occasional translation of a French novel, she never read anything, she suffered frightfully from ennui as soon as it was dark and she could no longer sit at the front window to be admired.

"This peaceful condition so exactly in accordance with my wishes—a life like Paradise where wolf and lamb dwelt in innocence together—had lasted about a week, when I noticed that the lamb was beginning to marvel at the tameness of the wolf. Yes, it seemed to the poor innocent almost a breach of honor that she should remain undevoured when she appeared to herself so appetizing. Now then the course of nature was reversed, and, contrary to all rule, the lamb armed itself to attack the wolf. For a few days nothing came of it but a fresh bouquet of flowers, which I found upon my drawing-table when I came home. Then one evening there appeared in front of my bed a warm pair of Turkish slippers which must have belonged to the dear departed, my predecessor *wolf*; they were, besides, as good as new. At noon I must eat a *fritto* of artichokes and gourds prepared by Madonna Lucrezia herself, and pledge her in a glass of *Chianti*. Erminia, who ate at the table with us and feed the '*bimbi*,' chuckled to herself, and only the dog growled at me as an interloper who threatened to cut short his rations. During the meal we carried on a learned discourse upon the German and Tuscan culinary art, and I, recreant son of my fatherland, even abused the German *sauerkraut* as I sat over the dish of Italian artichokes. This seemed of sufficient significance to her to suggest a still more daring sally the next day. Only think what the sly creature ventured upon! The next morning I went as usual to my 'Leaning Tower,' and as I worked away on the very highest floor, all unsuspicious of danger, I suddenly was assaulted by the well-known:—'*Ah, sin' all'ore all'ore estreme*' ringing up from below, and sure enough my handsome widow was coming merrily up the long flight of winding stairs, so that, unless I had fancied playing hide-and-seek in the pillared galleries, escape was impossible. What her intentions were to this day is not quite clear to me, for she was by far too practical to cast me from the battlements either alone or arm-in-arm with herself if I did not then and there make a decided promise of marriage—I had almost said she was too Italian, but I will not violate your ideal. After all it was perhaps only *ennui*, as she said, that drove her to me. I, of course, declared myself charmed, did the honors of the tower most amiably, and as we were entirely alone held myself in duty bound to kiss her hand over and over again. Now she was having her day. The effort of ascending had somewhat flushed her usually wax-like face, and as she let her coal-black eyes sparkle over cathedral and '*battisterio*' she seemed to me after all no bad match; that is, for an Italian without education. I said many tender things to her, which she, poor lamb, after the long ill-treatment on my side, gulped down with visible delight. Of course I was rewarded with numerous gentle hints and encouraging glances. Yet I had no need of turning my engagement ring to conjure up a good spirit to protect me from this temptation, for I knew clearly and distinctly that with all her little languishing manœuvres she was as indifferent to me in the bottom of her soul as the marble floor upon which she stood. And so it came that after the expiration of an hour we descended the spiral stairway each well pleased.

"She must have thought the iron was in a glow, for she lost no time in making ready to forge it. The same day in the afternoon she invelgled me into a public theatre—the *Politeama* it was called, I think—perhaps you remember it. In vain I excused myself on the plea of fearing to compromise her if we two were seen together so publicly. 'Things have gone so far now,' she answered coolly, 'that you cannot compromise me more than you have already done. And must not this sometime have an end?' 'Yes, indeed,' I sighed to myself, 'the scales must fall from your eyes, poor lamb!'—and so I accompanied her with heroic fortitude to the theatre.

"I thought at first that she had arranged this mutual enjoyment designedly to compromise me in the eyes of the public, and thus morally force me into terms, but I found she had a secondary view. During the intervals between the acts, whilst Lucrezia silently devoured candied fruit, a singer, whom I had often noticed as a curiosity in the streets of Pisa, came forward to entertain the audience. He usually sauntered about

dressed in a snuff-colored waistcoat of a picturesque cut, with wide pantaloons of the same color, a broad-brimmed, fantastic hat thrust upon his thick, black hair, and accompanied by a little yellow woman, always laughing to himself with a half good-natured, half satirical expression, whilst the sharp, delicate features of the poor wife wore a stony look of hopeless sorrow. I had been told that this was the celebrated singer, Tobia Seresi, a magnificent baritone, who had unfortunately lost his reason, and was, therefore, of no use in the opera. For he had at times spells of frenzy, when no one but his little wife, whom he dearly loved, could manage or calm him. Sometimes he sang in the theatre between the acts; and then the poor little wife always stood behind the scenes anxiously watching each change of his countenance.

"This Sor Tobia sang upon the present occasion, as I said before, and it was on his account that my widow had dragged me to the theatre. For no sooner had he sung the first notes of his aria than Madonna Lucrezia turned round to me where I sat behind her in the box, and told me at large that she herself was the cause of the poor man's misfortune. Six years before, in the midst of a favorite duet she was singing with him—the name of the opera she mentioned I have forgotten—the insanity had broken out. He had seized hold of her in a part of his rôle where he had to approach her, and wildly rolling his eyes had whispered to her that unless she listened to him he would put an end to her and himself with a poisoned '*potato-salad*.' How much truth there was in this absurd story I cannot tell; suffice it to say that in the same tone she imparted to me a host of other adventures that I might rightly estimate what a dangerous woman she had been in those days. I only listened with one ear that I might not altogether lose the song which, by-the-way, singer as she was, seemed wholly indifferent to her. As soon as it was over, however, she flung her bouquet upon the stage and applauded most ostentatiously. Several amateurs pressed forward into the orchestra, and handed over to Sor Tobia a gigantic bouquet about the size of a carriage wheel, which he received with his quiet, satirical smile amidst bursts of applause. The public was disposed to be very lenient towards the poor unfortunate; and all around me I heard exclamations of pity and sympathy. My widow alone eyed him coolly with her opera glass, then fanned herself industriously for a time, and began once more to eat her candied oranges.

"I confess I felt a cold shudder run over me as I sat beside this conquest of mine. I was glad when it was all over, and as we walked home arm-in-arm I really began to pity myself, for I was in so tottering a condition that had I been a '*Campanile*' instead of an elastic organization of flesh and blood, I should long since have been precipitated to the ground. I shall ever remember that day! For do not think that I have told you all. My beauty had evidently determined to set matters to order between us, she entertained me, therefore, with an account of her property, which appeared to be quite considerable, of the happiness she had given to the dear departed who had married her on account of her beauty, and taken her from the stage, although he was a composer, and was fully capable of appreciating her singing. 'You see,' I cried in the anxiety of my heart, vainly striving to put on a playful air, 'that may prove an obstacle, for us in Germany all southern voices are ruined by the constant snow storms.' She replied that she would gladly make the sacrifice. 'Marriage,' she added with a pathetic sigh, 'is a lasting sacrifice upon the altar of love!' 'But,' I said, 'the dear children, they can never endure the hard climate, surely?' Even this gave her no anxiety. 'The "*bimbi*" are well provided for,' she said. 'My aunt will take the two younger, the eldest remain in Florence.' 'That is excellent!' I said aloud, but thought to myself: 'Oh, thou raven mother!' Yet I smiled so sweetly upon her that she had no suspicion of my thoughts, for I saw that she was now driven to extremities and would not have hesitated treating me to a poisoned 'potato-salad' had she any idea of my true intentions.

"Suddenly a thought occurred to me that I considered a most happy one. Charming '*Signora*,' I said, 'you must first satisfy me upon one point. You tell me your dear departed fell among brigands, and never returned home again. Do you know certainly that he no longer lives? What if he should return home some fine day and reclaim you, or just simply break my neck for having appropriated his property during his absence?'

"This question I propounded as we sat together in her parlor, upon the familiar sofa, directly beneath the portrait of the composer of blessed memory. I added a few wise remarks upon the benefit of an official certificate of death, and upon the horrors of bigamy. 'Just wait a moment!' she said, calmly, as she arose and opened a compartment of her writing-table. 'What was it she drew forth, do you think? You will hardly believe me, yet it is as literally true as this whole narrative. Why, two well-corked, air-tight jars, and in each a human ear, skillfully cut from the head and preserved in spirits! "*Ecco!*" she said, holding towards me the jars, which out of sheer horror I dared not take in my hands.' This is better than certificates. These are Carlo's ears, I recognized them upon the spot. First came the right one, it was sent me by one of his friends in Naples; and I must send 5,000 *lires* of ransom money, he said. This I did at once, but it came too late, for soon after I received the second jar, and a second letter from the friend, which stated that the murderers had taken the money but only sent in return the second ear. What had become of the poor man to whom they had belonged was still dark, and I must make up my mind to wait patiently. What do you say to this insult to a tender, loving wife? I wait patiently? No, it was at once clear to me that my Carlo was no more! Oh, he had such sensitive ears—and they would have me believe he could survive their loss? They might have amputated his arms and legs and he would have lived! But my Carlo without his ears—impossible!

"'You ought surely to know, beautiful *Signora*,' I said, 'and if these mournful relics really belonged to your dear—'

"'As surely as this is my little finger,' she said, with the firmest conviction, regarding her treasures meanwhile with as scientific earnestness as a naturalist might bestow upon some new amphibious species which had been sent him in spirits. A shudder ran over my whole body.

"'Nevertheless,' I said, 'this possession will not serve to make you entirely free. The tribunals of justice are very obstinate. They demand quite different proofs before they consent to strike a man's name from off the register of the living.'

"'That is the very reason my uncle has gone to Florence,' she said composedly. 'He knows several ministers, and hopes to succeed in obtaining legal proofs. My husband was not unknown, and his sudden disappearance has made some noise. The truth must finally come to light.'

"With this she went once more to the writing table, looked up the dear relics of her departed, and seated herself at the piano, to work upon me with the magic of tone. But I could bear no more! In the presence of this horrible woman I felt as though I were holding intercourse with a wax figure worked by machinery. My hair stood on end as she warbled forth her favorite '*Ah sin' all'ore*,' and pleading a violent headache I rushed from the house out into the open air.

"I took refuge in my beloved '*Nettuno*,' but I could not eat a morsel. I felt a repugnance to every thing; even the wine was incapable of lulling me into forgetfulness. I saw ever before me the two jars and the cold-blooded black eyes bent upon them, and heard the click of the clock-work within the automaton breast. It was clear to me that I could no longer exist under the same roof. Yet how should I escape that this merciless woman would not move heaven and hell to drag me by force from any lurking place I could imagine? What a shame it was that Tuscany had no invaders! I should indeed gladly have fallen into the hands of the brigands on condition that they would not let me off upon any ransom.

"Finally the excellent red wine brought me a streak of light. I must not only leave the *house*, but the *city*, even though my studies at the '*Campanile*' greatly needed a revision. The only difficulty that now presented itself was how to remove my effects to the railway station without exciting suspicion. But in my desperation I found a way which I commend to you in case of future exigency, whether in life, or in a novel or comedy. I went out and bought me an extra trunk, which I entrusted to the care of my faithful waiter at the '*Nettuno*.' The coming day should provide for the rest.

"First, though, the night must bring a last danger, which was by no means the least of all. Only imagine what kind of a hobgoblin story this Lucrezia got up! I had gone to bed as usual without wishing her good night, and in the hope of a speedy escape had fallen quickly into a sweet sleep. About midnight I was awakened by the violent barking of the house dog, and a sudden stream of light, and opening my eyes, I saw my widow standing beside my bed in the most singular and yet surely most fascinating costume I had yet seen her wear. You have doubtless seen "La Somnambula' and 'Fra Diavalo.' My *Prima Donna* must have retained from one of these operas the embroidered white short-gown in which she now fled to me, her long hair hanging loose over her beautiful shoulders, her face most tragically distorted. 'In the name of Heaven!' I cried, springing up in bed, 'what is the matter?' 'He has appeared to me in bodily form,' she cried, 'he is in my bed now, and I am half dead with fright.' 'Nonsense!' I said, quite angrily. 'You have been dreaming, Lucrezia. Go to bed again and leave me in peace.' 'No, no!' she said; 'come and see for yourself if I am dreaming.' And with that she seized my hand in both of hers as though in entreaty; nothing was now wanting but that she should carry out the rest of the play as upon the stage. Then it seemed to me so absurd that I cried, 'Very well, I will get up and come with you. If his spirit is really in your bed, so that I can see it with my own eyes, it is my duty in all chivalry to put an end in your name to this aimless and improper night visit. If, however, the ghost is nowhere to be seen, it grieves me to say that I must decline your hand, Lucrezia, for I have a constitutional dread of somnambulists, and I am determined rather to remain single than to marry one.' As I said this, I made a movement to arise. But she had not meant to carry the joke so far. She shook her black hair warningly at me, waved good night with her white arms, and vanished without any further explanation.

"Now, in spite of my annoyance, I had to laugh with all my heart at this occurrence, and at last fell sweetly asleep, not to be disturbed a second time. Yet naturally the whole affair but served to strengthen me in my resolution to steal secretly away. Besides, the uncle was daily expected home, and who could tell what she had already written to him, and how far this worthy man might consider his handsome niece 'compromised.' The next morning I acted as though nothing had occurred, drew first for awhile, and then when the streets began to fill I went out as usual with a package under my arm, done up so that none would have suspected that I was carrying a portion of my linen to the 'nettuno.' In this way I transported during the morning my entire effects from the house, and when last of all I had removed my draughts and designs, packed in a great tin roll, my chamber only looked as it was wont, for I had left my empty trunk, a few empty portfolios, and my clothes for the wash behind me as booty for the enemy. The Turkish slippers of the dear departed, too, stood beside the bed with the most innocent air in the world. My board I had already paid a month in advance.

"You may imagine with what an exalted feeling of freedom and deliverance I whirled along the beautiful road towards '*La Spezia*,' like a criminal who has been condemned to a life-long '*Ah sin all'ore all'ore extreme*,' and has happily broken loose. The region about here is so beautiful that at any other time I should have regretted flitting through it so rapidly upon the railroad. But he who leaves a tender widow behind cannot go too hastily from the spot. It was not until late in the evening when I had reached '*La Pezia*,' and alighted at the '*Croce di Malta*,' that I felt entirely safe, and eat, drank, and slept with light heart. In my chamber was only a small table, hardly large enough to make out a wash-list upon. Yet—so changeable is the mind of man—it pleased me inexpressibly for its dwarfish size, and I could not look back without a silent shudder upon that giant which had allured me into the snares of my Armida. For weeks I had not awakened in so joyous a mood as upon the following morning, and as it was a glorious day with the brightest June sky, the sea clear as a mirror, I determined to take a little excursion upon the Gulf to visit that fishing and pirate nest, '*Porto Venere*,' of which my friends in Rome had told me so much. As there was no breeze, the old boatman had finally to seize the oars, and it was two hours before we had made the curve of the promontory, and saw the weather-beaten cottages, the picturesque little church, and the island of *Palmaira* loom up before us in the clear sunshine. Is it not really as though we had been transported many miles southward, in that crag in the bosom of Salern, where offsprings of the old Greek colonists still pass their days in Homerian ease? The same fresh noble nature, the same antidiluvian cookery, and primitive want of clean linen, that could not exist up on the mountains. And as I sauntered through the sole main street, and saw the rows of spinning, singing, and prattling women, who with flowing tresses sat half-clothed in the door-ways, and stared at me as though I were a sea-monster, I could hardly realize that the waves surged just without. Ah, and the glorious vegetation—the blessed aloe-weed upon the crumbling walls of the ruined fortress, the cactus, olive, and grape vines growing in wild luxuriance in the little gardens behind the gray cottages, and the colossal fig trees so laden with fruit that they could hardly bear their own weight. It does one good after spending a whole month in neat Tuscany to come to this Paradise, that has not yet been swept by the broom of a praiseworthy police. I could not weary of climbing up and down the streets, looking down from the arabesque windows of the little church upon the waves as they played upon the rocks below—and then of lying in the dry grass beneath the shade of the ruined fortress and looking over the white houses way over the blue gulf, watching the ships as they came in, all as it had looked for the last thousand years with the exception of the clouds of smoke that curled and wreathed upward from the boilers of the steamers. I was so completely carried away by the present that my recent adventure seemed to me like something long past, and I had even to reflect a moment to recall the name of my widow.

"At last hunger drove me back to the village, and after promenading up and down for awhile in front of the two houses above whose doors was the sign '*albergo e trattoria*,' I decided in favor of the first, in front of which sat a parcel of Piedmontese soldiers drinking lemonade and playing cards, whilst the other swarmed with sailors. Within doors it was as gypsy-looking here as in the other, but the good natured hostess showed me the stairs leading up to the '*saloon*,' and promised to have me ready a noon-day meal in five minutes. Whilst I waited up there, and the daughter, a dull, half-grown girl, spread the table, I looked around at the pictures upon the wall, a few French engravings from the story of Paul and Virginia, a Madonna surrounded by golden hearts, and the Italian national deities—Cavour, Garibaldi, and the gallant King. The '*saloon*' had also a door to the left. Without thinking of what I was doing I had taken hold of the door-knob, and was just about turning it when the hostess entered, and with a half angry, half frightened gesture, motioned me away. I excused myself on the plea of having done it quite innocently to find out whether she had a room where I could lodge for the night. 'No, no,' she hastily answered; 'we need the other rooms for ourselves.' I easily consoled myself, for the thought of passing a night in this smoky inn was not very alluring. So I seated myself at table, and the food, with the exception of a fossil cutlet, and the rancid oil she had poured over the beans, was much more endurable than I had imagined. She brought me up some delicate fried fish, and some very drinkable wine, so that after the hot day I was thoroughly refreshed, and long before she carried in the dry figs and hard biscuits for dessert I had fallen into a sound after-dinner nap in my chair.

"I must have slept two hours in the death-like stillness, when I was suddenly awakened by a singular tinkling, quite near. I opened my eyes, sat still and listened. It sounded as though some one was playing upon an old-fashioned '*Clavecymbel*,' and the sound came unmistakeably from the adjoining room, which the hostess had forbidden me to enter.

"That I at once grew curious, stole on my tiptoes to the door and peeped through the keyhole, you can easily imagine. You see, if you novelists alone were permitted to give loose reins to your curiosity in foreign parts, we common people might as well stay at home. And what good fortune it was that I did apply myself to the keyhole! To be sure I did not gain much from the music. A hoarse man's voice sang all manner of desultory fragments of an opera, of which I understood nothing but the exclamations.

"The old instrument stood against the wall, so that the singer's back was turned toward me. But all at once he turned around to rummage amongst a heap of notes that lay upon the bed. And guess now who it was?

"Surely not the crazy singer, 'Tobia Seresi?'

"No, stranger than that! Far more astonishing! So odd that I would not venture to tell it to you, and would not even be inclined to believe it, had I not experienced it myself: Sor Carlo, the husband of my widow!

"'That is a bold assertion,' said I. 'Upon the whole, I am very much inclined to believe the wine of '*Porto Venere*' helped you to this vision, or that the whole thing was a Midsummer Night's Dream.'

"'You are greatly mistaken,' he continued. 'But you must hear my story to the end. You may well believe that at first I thought myself I was dreaming. But no; it was feature for feature the same face that I had so often studied within glass and frame above the sofa of Madonna Lucrezia.'

"'And the ears?' I asked.

"'I could not see them. The hair, which looked as though it had not been cut for many months, hung in heavy masses over his head, down upon his shoulders. Suddenly he turned all the way round and exclaimed, 'Is that you, Madonna Beatrice?' That was the name of the hostess.

"Now that I was once discovered, I determined to make a clean breast of it. So I called through the keyhole that it was not she, but a friend who would like to speak a few words with him. At the same time I mentioned his name, and saw how he started and seemed for a moment to consider whether or no he should discover his identity. But what good would it do him to deny it, were he really discovered by a stranger? So he opened the door, and I shall never forget the way he looked at me, like a Lazarus awakened from the dead. 'Dear Sor Carlo,' I said, 'what the mischief have you been about? Why have you buried yourself alive in this out-of-the-way nook, whilst all Pisa is in alarm about your disappearance, and your sorrowing widow has no rest, day and night, until she—'

"Here, as good luck would have it, he took the words out of my mouth, also in the most slanderous manner I should have represented the excellent Lucrezia as inconsolable. 'What?' he said. 'My widow? Does not my wife know I am living?'

"Well, I told him how things stood in Pisa, of course without mentioning my own tender relations to this loving soul, confessed that I had been an inmate of his house and witness of the grief of the poor forsaken one. When, however, I spoke of the relics in the jars, he interrupted me in the most violent excitement. 'Monstrous!' he cried, and began rooting in his hair, so that I had ample evidence of the existence of an unshorn pair of ears. 'O, I have been shamefully betrayed! They have made me play a rôle in a farce that will make me laughable to the end of my days.' Thus he shrieked and paced the little room, but it was not long before he had sufficiently mastered his excitement to sit down upon the edge of the bed and disclose to me the missing links in the chain of this como-tragic history.

"As, with right, he looked upon me as a home friend—I was not so, God be praised, in one sense of the word—he sought to conceal or excuse nothing, but told me from the beginning the history of his love, marriage, and sorrows. He had made the acquaintance of his wife upon the stage, and had become as violently enamored of her beauty as he detested her singing. For the latter was so hopelessly false that she tortured his ears as much as she charmed his eyes. He even confessed that it was his firm conviction that poor Tobia Seresi had lost his reason merely by being compelled to sing duets with her a whole winter. Under such circumstances Sor Carlo knew of no remedy but to marry her, and take her from the stage. But, alas, even household happiness and the duties of a wife and mother could not smother the fatal talent. Besides, her passion for noisy house pets, the unavoidable screaming of the children, the noise in the streets—in short, his nerves became so shattered that composition was impossible. She had done all in her power to make him happy, but his hearing was so constantly excited that he even imagined she sneezed false, and her shoes certainly creaked half a tone too high. Finally he resolved upon a journey to Naples to recruit his strength. Here his sufferings were soon relieved, and in the house of an old schoolmate, a physician, he was enabled once more to enter upon his favorite pursuit. Besides, he found here a young poet who composed opera librettos just to his mind. Now six months of undisturbed repose, and he would complete a work that with one stroke would make him celebrated throughout Italy. His young wife, meanwhile, began to write him the most impatient, longing letters. If her darling Carlo did not soon return she would leave house, children and all, and set out in search of him. 'And she would have kept her word!' sighed the husband; 'for she could not live without me, and her jealousy was not one of the least of my household annoyances.' In this strait he asked counsel of his friend, who desired nothing more ardently than the fame and happiness of the composer. 'Let me arrange the matter my own way!' the friend said. 'I promise you I will make her leave you alone until your work is complete. On the other hand you must promise me neither to write to her, nor to let yourself be seen by any one who could carry her tidings of you.' For the rest he would act as was most for the advantage of all parties concerned. This compact Sor Carlo had entered upon without the slightest consideration, for he was already completely wrapped up in his work, and he knew that all would be right at home. The first months of the winter he had spent in a quiet cottage upon the '*Amalfi*,' and here finished the first sketch of his opera. His friend, the physician, had provided him with money, and wrote every four weeks to say that wife and children were well and sent him their love. As soon as he had progressed far enough to write off the complete score, which he could not do without an instrument, he had left 'Amalfi,' and after a short visit to Naples had retired to '*Porto Venere*,' where it was easier to procure the old piano from '*La Spezia*.' Here he had lived contentedly for five months. One more week and the finale of the last act would be completed; and now he must learn that his friend had basely abused his trust, and put upon the boards at his cost a farce that now, just as he stood upon the threshold of his glory, would make him the laughing stock of all Italy.

"'Compose yourself,' I said, hardly able to repress my own laughter. 'There is no harm done yet. Of the two owneriess ears which your cynical friend doubtless cut from some silent victim to anatomy, but few know as yet. Your sorrowing widow has only shown them to her most intimate sympathizers. Besides—what is there laughable in the fact of a happy father taking flight from noisy children and household pets to compose in some quiet corner a work which will render his name immortal? To be sure it is time now you were home, for your beautiful wife is naturally courted as whilom Penelope; and if you remain dead much longer—'

"'*Signor*,' he said, coming close up to me and seizing me with a frightened look by the arm, 'you don't mean to say—'

"'Not the least thing to injure your honor,' I continued, heartily. 'No one in all Pisa can say anything derogatory to her fame, and that she let me one of her empty rooms is nobody's business but her own. I have a *bride* at home in Germany, and I give you my sacred word that nothing was further from my thoughts than love-making.'

"He gave me a searching look that firmly convinced me he had by no means extinguished the old passion. As soon as I told him of my studies in the '*Leaning Tower*' line though, he was satisfied, for he evidently took me for a born fool. 'I will take your word,' he said. 'But what must I do now? Advise me! I always was totally impractical, and have lived only for my art.'

"'I'll tell you what,' I said, 'the best thing would be for me to go right back to Pisa, and prepare your wife for your reappearance. If you were suddenly to walk in unannounced the tender soul would die with fright, or at the least fall into a nervous *fever*. Meanwhile you can pack up your opera, and follow me to-morrow.'

"This seemed to satisfy the poor man, who still sat upon the bed looking utterly hopeless and helpless, and so we took a temporary leave of each other. I paid for my noonday meal, and sauntered away through the narrow streets, which were now cool and dark. Here then for the first time I was able to burst out laughing, and to heartily enjoy this childish play. The more I reflected upon the matter the more credit I was inclined to give the Neapolitan for his knowledge of human nature. For that no gentler means would have induced Madame Lucrezia to wait ten months for her Carlo was plain as daylight to me. The most amusing thing, though, of the whole farce, was the shameful delight I felt at the prospect of re-entering my old quarters in Pisa once for all a free man, beyond all danger of having to provide for the second '*life happiness*' of my widow beneath the shadow of the '*Campanile*,' '*sin all'ore all'ore estreme*.'

"What happened now, do you think? I had hardly crossed the threshold of the ruined gate, and turned round the corner to seek out my old boatman, when I saw a closely-veiled lady approaching me, who at sight of me sent forth a most incomprehensible exclamation. I paid no attention to this though, for Pisa alone was in my head, and I made ready to pass her at full speed. Suddenly she grasped me by the arm, and throwing back her veil, cried in a tone of righteous indignation: 'Ha, deceiver! Do you think to escape me *here*?' You can imagine my horror. 'Lucrezia!' I exclaimed, and for a moment could proceed no further, for I saw at once how greatly she had injured herself by this stroke of policy. What have you to say now? This merciless woman had pursued me, and threatened to capture me by land or by water, living or dead. 'In the name of Heaven!' I cried, drawing her in my perplexity into the shadow of the ruins, 'what do you want, Lucrezia? Do you already know—' 'Oh, Ferdinando!' she cried, interrupting me with a tragic air, 'I have flown to you for refuge from the voice of slander. My uncle has come home from Florence. He is like one demented, and has sworn to be the death of me if the stranger who found his way into my house does not return and re-establish my honor as becomes a gallant man. My aunt has endeavored in vain to quiet him; he will listen to nothing. He says he is determined to pursue you and demand satisfaction, or shoot you down like a robber and murderer. What could I do, I, unhappy one? With many tears and entreaties I requested a respite of three days; a voice within told me I should find you, and thus escape the worst. At the "*Nettuno*," I learned you had gone to "*La Spezia*." There I found you were at "*Porto Venere*." And now, Ferdinando—'

"'You have come at the right moment,' I said. 'You have saved me a journey. For I was just on my way to tell you that your days of widowhood are over!'

"'Were you, really? then all is well; let us hurry back into the boat. I knew you never would have the heart to so seriously "compromise" a lone woman if you did not mean to act honorably by her.'

"'Hold!' I said. 'You do not know all. The dead sometimes arise. Your husband of blessed memory sits up there in the inn, and sends his love to you. He is well and hearty, and in possession of both ears, upon which it is now to be hoped you will have more mercy!'

"Now it was her turn to be petrified. Whilst she stood staring at me as though I were telling her a story from the Arabian Nights, I took the opportunity of telling her all that I had just learned. 'And now,' I concluded, 'that you may be sure I mean well by you, I will give you a piece of advice by which you can set all to rights in the most admirable manner. Go at once to your husband and tell him that a rumor that he was in hiding at "*Porto Venere*" brought you away from Pisa. The excellent man who, in spite of many whimsies, loves you devotedly, will not be too strict in his questioning. A few lines sent on before you to your uncle, will bring this worthy man to a proper frame of mind; and if the chit-chat of the neighbors gives you any further annoyance, why, make a little wedding '*Riviera*,' and do not return until the gossippers have done fretting. Upon *my* discretion you can of course depend. I shall ever be grateful to you for not considering me unworthy to help you to found your second "*life happiness*."'

"Whilst delivering this lecture, I took especial delight in observing the various changes upon her countenance. But the most absurd thing of all was the ceremonious coldness she assumed towards me when through my hints she began to see her way out of the unpleasant consequences of the adventure. 'Good-by,' she said, 'I wish you a most pleasant journey, *Signor*.' With this she courteously bowed my dismissal, as though I were a perfect stranger of whom she had been inquiring the way, drew her veil majestically over her face, and started up the street to rejoin her Carlo. I have no doubt she greeted the long-absent one in the tenderest way, and told him her little tissue of falsehoods in the most unconstrained and natural manner. Oh, these women! They are never greater, more terrible, more ingenious, and more fascinating than when they are wanting in conscience!"

"This was my adventure with the widow of Pisa," said my neighbor, lighting a fresh cigar. "What do you say to it? Will you make a novel out of it?"

"Heaven preserve me!" I cried. "I should indeed most gloriously 'compromise' myself by such folly. Why, what German reader would believe this absurd story?"

"That may be," he said, "but it would be your own fault. Why have you propagated the belief that women your side the Alps (we had already passed the summit of Mont Cenis and were rolling on towards Savoy,) are composed of such totally different materials from the fair sex in Germany? Might not this adventure have occurred just as well in our beloved fatherland?"

"What?" I cried, in amazement, "you really believe—"

"All except the *intermezzo* of the two ears," he said, solemnly. "For—thank God!—we live in the days of good police regulations, and villains usually are satisfied with cutting off purse and coe. As concerns the widows though—"

Here the diligence drew up before a post-house, and a cup of coffee interrupted our discourse which was threatening to take rather a serious turn.

☞ Obedience never brings a man nearer to a law. Obedience will bring a man nearer to a rule, but obedience will not bring a man nearer to his ideal law. That goes on. It never is so small as when he touches it with perfect obedience. It opens; it effulges; it hangs higher and higher, brighter and brighter in the heavens, and the further he travels toward it, the further he is from it. The indispensable condition of our growth and development, therefore, is that by advancing toward our ideals in attempting to fulfil them, we thrust them further from us.—*H. W. Beecher.*

☞ England can concentrate on a given spot, at the shortest notice, 200,000 men, 50,000 horses and 200 guns for the defence of London. So it is said.

☞ The merchant princes of England object to noblemen entering the commercial arena as traders in iron, slate, coal, &c.

☞ A young lady in Cleveland lately broke her neck sliding on bannisters.

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"Harvest Time,"—the harvest time of life, as well as of the season—is the appropriate steel engraving of the August number of this beautiful periodical. The double and finely colored steel fashion plate is a gem, as usual. Then we have the usual number of wood-cuts illustrating the "Street Arabs," and the latest fashions in dresses, bonnets, hats, &c. The music is the song of "Childhood and Home." Among the literary contributions, we note "One Summer's Romance," by Clara Augusta; "The Banshee," by Mrs. Hosmer; "The Disputed Patrimony," by Auber Forester; "The Distressed Bachelor," (concluded,) by Mrs. Oliphant; Novelties, Receipts, Fashions, &c. Price $2.50 a year; 2 copies $4; 8 copies (and one *gratis*) $16. Specimen numbers will be sent for 15 cents. Address DEACON & PETERSON, 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

☞ As a proof of the powers of endurance exhibited by the Prussian soldiers, it is stated that the army under the command of General Herwarth, consisting of about sixty thousand men, performed the distance between Dresden and Vienna, which, as the crow flies, is four hundred miles, in twenty-two days. Had they not been obliged to take a circuitous route, and, besides, been delayed by two battles and numerous engagements on the way, they might have arrived even in a shorter space of time.

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Yours, truly, JOHN PORTER,
oct13-2t Proprietor of Ripley Hotel, RIPLEY, O.

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je16-6m

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Howe, the Rev. Prof. W. H. VIBBERT, of Middletown, Conn., to JULIA NEWBOLD, daughter of Wm. Welsh, Esq., of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Danl. Washburn, Mr. LARRETT L. GARDE, of New York city, to Miss JENNIE K., daughter of Wm. B. Turner, Esq., of this city.

On the 27th of Sept., by the Rev. W. T. EVA, Mr. SAMUEL DIETON to Miss S. J. HELME, both of this city.

On the 27th of Sept., by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. WILLIAM M. SMITH, of New York, to Miss JULIET B. WOOD, daughter of Mrs. Susanna L. Wood, of this city.

On the 27th of Sept., by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. SAMUEL A. NEIDE to Miss HENRIETTA D. POWERS, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 29th of Sept., CHARLES ALEXANDER, in his 70th year.

On the 2d instant, HENRY M. FINE, in his 75th year.

On the 1st instant, JOHN RICHARDSON, in his 77th year.

On the 1st instant, Mr. HARMAN S. VAUGHAN, aged 55 years.

On the 30th of Sept., Mr. JAMES FIELDING, aged 72 years.

On the 30th of Sept., THOMAS ARMSTRONG, in his 33d year.

On the 29th of Sept., GEORGE R. SNYDER, in his 39th year.

On the 29th of Sept., MARY RUDDER, in her 82d year.

On the 28th of Sept., SAMUEL POLLOCK, in his 56th year.

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Amusement as well as instruction may be found in every page, as graphic detail, brilliant wit, and authentic history, are skillfully interwoven in this work of literary art.

This work sells itself. The people are tired of dry details and partisan works, and want something humorous, romantic, and startling. Our agents are making from $100 to $300 per month, clear of all expenses. Send for circulars, giving full particulars, and see our terms and proof of the above assertion. Address

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GREASE, PAINT, PITCH, & VARNISH

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It leaves the Goods soft, and as perfect as when new, with no spot upon which dust can collect, as is the case with all the preparations heretofore sold for cleansing goods.

It is Delicately Perfumed,

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IMPROVED
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CLOTHING.
You want, FIRST, to get a GOOD article.
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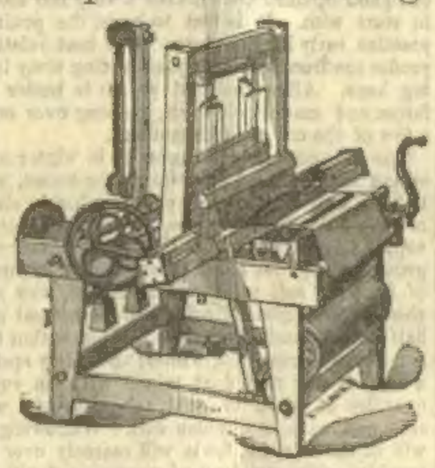

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The Great Strengthening Tonic
(NOT A WHISKEY PREPARATION.)
HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS,
WILL CURE
Debility! Debility!
Resulting from any cause whatever.

H

PROSTRATION OF THE SYSTEM
INDUCED BY
Severe Hardships, Exposure, Fevers.
OR
DISEASES OF CAMP LIFE.

SOLDIERS, CITIZENS, MALE OR FEMALE, ADULT OR YOUTH,

Will find this Bitters a pure Tonic, not dependent on bad liquors for their almost miraculous effects.

O

DYSPEPSIA,

And Diseases Resulting from Disorders of the Liver and Digestive Organs,

ARE CURED BY

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

This Bitters has performed more Cures, gives better Satisfaction, has more testimony, has more Respectable People to vouch for it, than any other article in the market.

O

We defy any one to contradict this assertion, and

WILL PAY $1,000

to any one who will produce a certificate published by us that is not genuine.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS,

WILL CURE EVERY CASE OF
Chronic or Nervous Debility
AND
DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS.

F

Observe the following Symptoms, resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs:
Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fullness or weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil, and great Depression of Spirits.

L

REMEMBER,

That this Bitters is not Alcoholic, contains no rum or Whiskey, and cannot make Drunkards, but is the Best Tonic in the World.

READ WHO SAYS SO.

[From the Rev. W. D. Seigfried, Pastor of Twelfth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.]

Gentlemen:—I have recently been laboring under the distressing effects of indigestion, accompanied by a prostration of the nervous system. Numerous remedies were recommended by friends, and some of them tested, but without relief. Your Hoofland's German Bitters were recommended by persons who had tried them, and whose favorable mention of these Bitters induced me to try them. I must confess that I had an aversion to Patent Medicines from the "thousand and one" quack "Bitters," whose only aim seems to be to palm off sweetened and drugged liquor upon the community in a sly way, and the tendency of which, I fear, is to make many a confirmed drunkard. Upon learning that yours was really a medicinal preparation, I took it with happy effect. Its action, not only upon the stomach, but upon the nervous system, was prompt and gratifying. I feel that I have derived great and permanent benefit from the use of a few bottles. Very respectfully yours,
W. D. SEIGFRIED, No. 254 Shackamaxon St.

A

[From the Rev. E. D. Fendall, Assistant Editor Christian Chronicle, Philada.]

I have derived decided benefit from the use of Hoofland's German Bitters, and feel it my privilege to recommend them as a most valuable tonic, to all who are suffering from general debility or from diseases arising from derangement of the liver.
Yours truly, E. D. FENDALL.

[From Rev. D. Merrige, Pastor of the Pennypack Baptist Church, Philada.]

From the many respectable recommendations given to Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I was induced to give them a trial. After using several bottles I found them to be a good remedy for debility, and a most excellent tonic for the stomach. D. MERRIGE.

[From Rev. Wm. Smith, formerly Pastor of the Vincentown and Millville (N. J.) Baptist Churches.

Having used in my family a number of bottles of your Hoofland's German Bitters, I have to say that I regard them as an excellent medicine, specially adapted to remove the diseases they are recommended for. They strengthen and invigorate the system when debilitated, and are useful in disorders of the liver, loss of appetite, &c. I have also recommended them to several of my friends, who have tried them, and found them greatly beneficial in the restoration of health.
Yours truly, WILLIAM SMITH,
906 Hutchinson Street, Philada.

N

Rev. J. S. Herman, of the German Reform Church, Kutztown, Berks County, Pa., was cured of Dyspepsia of twenty years standing.

A. M. Spangler, Editor of the *Cultivist*, No 25 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia, says this Bitters was recommended to him by a medical friend, and six bottles cured him of complete prostration of the nervous system.

Rev. Thos. Winter, D.D., Pastor of Roxborough Baptist Church;
Rev. Levi G. Beck, Pastor of the Baptist Church, Pemberton, N. J., formerly of the North Baptist Church, Philadelphia, at present Pastor of the Baptist Church, Chester, Pa.;
These gentlemen express, in the strongest terms, their favorable opinion of this Bitters.

D

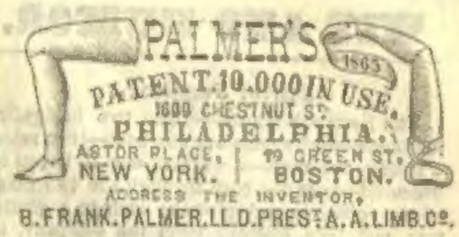
Beware of Counterfeits!

☞ See that the signature of "C. M. JACKSON" is on the wrapper of each bottle.

☞ Should your nearest Druggist not have the article, do not be put off by any of the intoxicating preparations that may be offered in its place, but send here, and we will forward, securely packed, by express.

Principal Office and Manufactory,
No. 631 ARCH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
JONES & EVANS,
[*Successors to C. M. JACKSON & CO.*]
Proprietors.

For sale by Druggists Dealers and in every town in the United States. mar 17-ocwly



These Inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent Scientific and Surgical Societies of the world, the inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (or "First Prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK; also the most Honorary Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.

DR. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience. He is specially commissioned by the GOVERNMENT, and has the patronage of the prominent OFFICERS of the ARMY and NAVY. SIX MAJOR-GENERALS and more than a thousand less distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty, while still greater numbers of eminent civilians are, by their aid, filling important positions, and effectually conceal their misfortune.

All genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

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HIGHEST PREMIUM
LOCK STITCH
SEWING MACHINES,

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Philadelphia Agency, No. 704 Chestnut St.

These Machines are now sold, with *valuable improvements*, at the following schedule of prices:—

No. 3 Machine, with

Plain Table,	$55
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	62
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	64

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Waxed Black Walnut Table,	$65
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	72
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	100

No. 1 Machine, with

Polished Table,	$75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut,	82
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $55) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—*see Prospectus*. Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

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FAST LINE & ERIE EXPRESS¶	" 12.00	M.
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	" 2.30	P.M.
LANCASTER ACCOM.	" 4.00	"
PAOLI ACCOM, No. 2	" 5.00	"
PITTSBURG & ERIE MAIL¶	" 9.00	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No. 3	" 10.00	"
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS†	" 11.10	"

TRAINS ARRIVE AT DEPOT, VIZ.:

CINCINNATI EXPRESS†	" 12.40	A.M.
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS‡	" 7.10	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No. 1	" 8.20	"
COLUMBIA TRAIN	" 9.00	"
LANCASTER TRAIN	" 12.40	P.M.
FAST LINE	" 1.10	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No. 2	" 6.10	"
DAY EXPRESS	" 5.50	"
PAOLI ACCOM, No. 3	" 7.30	"
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	" 9.50	"

*Daily, except Saturday. †Daily. ‡Daily, except Monday. All other Trains daily, except Sunday.

¶Running through from Philadelphia to Pittsburg and Erie without change of cars.

SUNDAY ACCOMMODATION TRAINS for PAOLI and intermediate stations leave Philadelphia at 9.00 A. M. and 7.00 P. M., returning leave Paoli at 6.50 A. M. and 4.50 P. M.

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An Emigrant Train runs daily (except Sunday). For full particulars as to fare and accommodations, apply to FRANCIS FUNK,
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The Pennsylvania Railroad Co. will not assume any risk for Baggage, except for Wearing Apparel, and limit their responsibility to One Hundred Dollars in value. All baggage exceeding that amount in value, will be at the risk of the owner, unless taken by special contract. ap7-9m

$1500 PER YEAR, paid by SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Me., or Chicago, Ill. sep8-3m

WIT AND HUMOR.

Parlor Juggling.

The Spittoon Trick.—Take two half-gallon spittoons—white ones are the best—then select a strong red cord—a worsted one if it can be procured—pass the cord through the two holes of the spittoons and give the ends to a gentleman and lady, selected from the company, to hold. Now let a lady seize the spittoons, and sliding each to the opposite end of the cord, bring them together smartly, when they will break in pieces and fall to the floor. This trick is easily performed, and will excite considerable applause.

The Magic Stick.—To do this trick properly you will need a pearl-handled knife and a stout, hard wood stick, some two inches in length. Sharpen the two ends of the stick and then try to crush it endways, either between your hands or by sitting upon it. This, to your astonishment, you will find it impossible to do.

The Flying Hen.—Select a large, well-fed hen—the color is immaterial, though black is best—and place her in a sitting position on some smooth surface. Then over her place a pasteboard box eighteen by thirty inches. Pound smartly upon the top of the box with a bone-handled table-knife for three minutes, and then suddenly raise it, when the hen will immediately fly away. This trick can be performed by any person of average intelligence, who gives his whole mind to it.

The Nail Trick.—Take two large wrought-iron nails, and wire them together in the form of a cross. It will then be found impossible to swallow them. There is no deception about this.

The Cable.—Take a piece of tarred cable about fifteen inches in length, cut it carefully in two with a sharp knife, and then try to chew the ends together. You can try as long as you like.

The Magic Eggs.—Put two fresh eggs carefully in a green worsted bag. Swing the bag rapidly about your head, hitting it each time against the door post. Then ask the company if they will have them boiled, scrambled, or fried. It will make no difference which they choose.

The Four Jacks.—Select a pack of cards with plain white backs. Take out the four jacks and burn them before the company, letting them see the ashes. Now shuffle the cards quickly, and holding them in the left hand give them a sharp rap with the knuckles of the right. Then place them on the table with the face down, and defy the company to find the jacks. They can't do it.

White House Anecdotes.

Some good stories are told of the Irishman "Edward," for four years doorkeeper at the White House.

Edward went with Fillmore to look at a carriage which the necessities of some Southern magnate had thrown upon the market.

"Well, Edward," said the President, "and how will it do for the President of the United States to buy a second-hand carriage?"

"And sure, yer Excellency, and ye're only a second-hand President, ye know."

Mr. Fillmore took the joke, but not the carriage. This anecdote was told me by Mr. Lincoln, and was called up by the following: One dark and rainy evening we had got as far as the door, on our way to General McClellan's headquarters, without an umbrella, and Edward was sent back after one; the President telling him whereabouts he might find it. In a few minutes he came back, announcing a fruitless search, and adding:

"Sure, yer Excellency, and the owner must have some for it."

The President laughed heartily, and Edward found us another umbrella.

Not In the Play.—Pizarro was to be acted at Drurylane, but the rising of the curtain was delayed; the audience grew impatient, and Kemble, in no very good temper, informed the house that they were only waiting Mr. Emery's arrival to go on with the performance—he being the sentinel of the evening. At length the tardy actor came, and easily made his peace by explaining that he had been detained at home by an interesting domestic event. The well known prison scene came, and the following colloquy took place between Rolla and the soldier: "Hast thou a wife?" "I have." "Hast thou children?" "I had two this morning. I have got three now!" Exit Rolla in a passion, amid loud and prolonged laughter. For that night Emery was the hero of the play.

☞ A western friend sends the following:—"We have in our town a good-hearted and well-meaning man, who sometimes, in endeavoring to be profound, 'gets off' some very queer sayings. Among other good qualities he has an implicit confidence in Providence, which he once qualified in this way. He had just returned from a long and tedious ride on a wet and cold winter's day. Sitting down by the fire and warming himself, he remarked to a friend, 'Peter, I really believe if it had not been for the blessing of a kind Providence and *these thick pants* I should have caught my death of cold!'"

Cool Thieving.—The Manchester Mirror tells the following amusing story of the barefaced conduct of the hog-stealers in the town of Chichester, N. H.: In one instance the thieves woke up a man in his own farm-house, told him that one of their hogs had got out of the wagon into the road and asked his assistance to put him back. The farmer got up, dressed himself and readily complied, and the next morning, when he went to feed his hog, on looking into the pen found him *now at*. He had assisted the thieves to steal his own porker. At another house the farmer heard a squealing in the road late in the night, and going to the door saw a man struggling with a porker. The same story was repeated and assistance given as at the other house, and the same scene was enacted at the pen in the morning.

☞ An artist invited a gentleman to criticise a portrait of a Mr. Smith, who was somewhat addicted to drink. Putting his hand towards it, the artist exclaimed, "Don't touch it, it is not dry." "Then," said he, "it cannot be like my friend Smith."

☞ Nature is more polite than the generality of mankind. If you walk into the woods, the very trees will greet you with a profusion of *boughs*.

ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION

Of Mr. Job Rural on his first appearance in New York. He thinks the Yorkers must have heard of that big pumpkin of his that got the prize at the last county fair.

THE LOVED AND LOST.

"The loved and lost." Why do we call them lost?
Because we miss them from our onward road?
God's unseen angel o'er our pathway crost,
Looked on us all, and loving them the most,
Straightway relieved them from life's weary load.

They are not lost: they are within the door
That shuts out loss, and every hurtful thing—
With angels bright, and loved ones gone before,
In their Redeemer's presence evermore,
And God Himself their Lord, and Judge, and King.

And this we call a "loss?" O selfish sorrow
Of selfish hearts! O we of little faith!
Let us look round, some argument to borrow
Why we in patience should await the morrow
That surely must succeed this night of death.

Aye, look upon the dreary desert path,
The thorns and thistles whereso'er we turn;
What trials and what tears, what wrongs and wrath,
What struggles and what strife the journey hath?
They have escaped from these; and lo! we mourn.

Ask the poor sailor when the wreck is done,
Who with his treasure strove the shore to reach,
While with the raging waves he battled on;
Was it not joy when every joy seemed gone,
To see his loved ones landed on the beach?

A poor wayfarer, leading by the hand
A little child, had halted by the well
To wash from off her feet the clinging sand,
And tell the tired boy of that bright land
Where, this long journey past, they longed to dwell:

When lo! the Lord, who many mansions had,
Drew near and looked upon the suffering twain,
Then pitying spake, "Give me the little lad.
In strength renewed, and glorious beauty clad,
I'll bring him with me when I come again."

Did she make answer selfishly and wrong:—
"Nay, but the woes I feel be too must share!"
Or rather bursting into grateful song,
She went her way rejoicing, and made strong
To struggle on, since he was freed from care.

We will do likewise; death has made no breach
In love and sympathy, in hope and trust;
No outward sign or sound our ears can reach,
But there's an inward spiritual speech,
That greets us still, though mortal tongues be dust.

It bids us do the work that they laid down—
Take up the song where they broke off the strain;
So journeying till we reach the heavenly town,
Where are laid up our treasures and our crown,
And our lost loved ones will be found again.

☞ Slanderers are like flies that leap over all a man's good parts to light only on his sores.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Wheat Sowing.

These twenty years we have expressed publicly and privately an opinion that farmers owe ten times more of their losses by winter-killed wheat to too early sowing than to any or all other causes combined; but popular opinion, or what is much the same practically, prejudice, was adverse to the principle and practice, so that all the preaching and published facts went for next to nothing.

Some intelligent farmers, however, are beginning to investigate and find out by repeated experiments that wheat sown early—say in the first week of September, gets a vigorous growth before the setting in of frost, sending down several inches a stout tap root, or it may be half-a-dozen roots, which at the first heaving of the ground by frost are snapped off and the plant dies by inevitable "winter-kill;" whereas if the seeding had been delayed to October, few roots would have penetrated to a greater depth than three inches, and as the ground seldom heaves by frost a crust less than four or five inches, very few roots would be broken, and the soil eventually settling back into position the plant structure remains intact, and the wheat is prepared to go ahead and grow at the opening of spring. We have proven to our own satisfaction by fair experiments that late sown wheat is best proof against winter-kill, and hope our wheat growers everywhere will satisfy themselves in like manner.

Fowl Information.

In reply to several inquiries on hand earnestly asking what kinds of hens to keep and how to manage with them, we have to say that our own chicken experience, which has been considerable, places us very decidedly in favor of a cross between the black Spanish and speckled Hamburgh, if both eggs and chickens for market are the object of fowl-keeping. The hens of this cross are moderate eaters, easily fattened, always orderly, little given to mischief of any kind, prolific layers, steady setters, and excellent mothers. The flesh is fairly white, and in flavor above average quality. Ten Hamburgh hens and one good Spanish cock makes a very fair stock to start with. It is best to begin the poultry practice early in the winter. The best relative profits are from a stock not exceeding sixty laying hens. After the third year it is better to fatten and market old fowls, keeping over only a few of the old ones for mothers.

The best economy we know of in winter and spring management, is a warm hen-house, well lighted, well ventilated, kept scrupulously clean always, a dry floor of loam, in winter a constant supply of pure water, a variable diet of coarsely ground corn, buckwheat, thick sour milk, scraps of fresh or salt meat and fish offal, now and then a warm meal of cake, half corn meal and half boiled mashed potatoes. Keep within the hen-house during fall, winter, and early spring a heap of dry road dust, mixed with an equal quantity of wood or coal ashes, pretty well seasoned with any refuse salt. Wallowing at will in the mixture, fowls will scarcely ever be troubled with any kind of vermin, and will always be more vigorous and healthy. Keep within the house a supply of bone dust and burned and finely broken oyster shells. Two or three times a month give a feed of sunflower seeds if obtainable. If not, boiled flaxseed made into a cake with meal and baked, is a good substitute. Provide in and about the house all manner of quoz, careless corners and hiding holes, half filled with soft straw, and fine litter for nests. Biddy always prefers such chinks and corners to any of the orthodox architectural boxes in use.

Thus provided for hens will lay liberally, produce strong, healthy broods of chickens, and always prove a very profitable investment.

Good Butter.

A correspondent of *Moore's Rural New Yorker*, writing to that journal, discourses upon the subject of butter-making very sensibly. Having pursued "Leo's" butter practice faithfully for several years in a down south region, where the best butter made in the usual manner never will keep good very long, we endorse every word of his directions which are as follows:

"It is a well-known fact that a good location and cleanliness are among the most essential points in making good butter. Every dairy should be so located that it may be cool and shady, with a good draft of air circulating through it. A large dairy and well-filled ought to be the motto of every farm-house. As soon as the milk is brought in it should be scalded, as we get more cream and better by so doing. Butter comes better, and is not so liable to be soft and sticky. As soon as taken from the churn it should be thoroughly worked, left until next morning and worked again. Next, salt in the following way:

"Take two quarts of good salt, one ounce of sugar, one ounce of saltpetre. Use one ounce of this composition to a pound of butter. It should be stamped and left to cool before putting in jars. Butter prepared in this way should not be used for two or three weeks. You will find that your butter will be very fine as it will have no brittle, or salty look or taste. By following this course your butter will keep the year through, in warm as well as cold weather."

Fire-Proof Roofs.

The following directions for making a cheap fire-proof covering for roofs we clip from the *Prairie Farmer*. It is by no means new, but nevertheless five-times better and fifteen-times cheaper than some of the paper-puffed, patent-roofing materials we know of. It is so simple that any one can make and apply it, and every one living under a shingled roof ought to have it on as a covering.

The following simple application will no doubt prove of great value: "A wash composed of lime, salt and fine sand or wood ashes, put on in the ordinary way of whitewashing, renders the roof fifty per cent. more secure against taking fire from falling cinders or otherwise, in case of fire in the vicinity. It pays the expenses a hundred fold, in preserving influence against the effect of the weather. The older and more weather-beaten the shingles, the more benefit derived. Such shingles generally become more or less warped, rough and cracked; the application of the wash by wetting the upper surface, restores them at once to their original or first form, thereby closing up the space between the shingles; and the lime and sand by filling up the cracks and pores in the shingle itself, prevent it from warping.

Clear out the Rats.

About eight out of every ten of all the farm homesteads we have visited this year present evidences about all the barns, cribs, outbuildings and grain-stacks of wholesale destruction by rats. Farmers say:—"I can't get rid of the thieving rodents." We say—*Yes you can!* Not by terrier or trap always. Old rats are "artful dodgers," and soon learn to give jaws, whether steel or canine, a wide berth. But the rascals may be easily enough taken in, and effectually taken off, too. Arsenic—always arsenic; only it must be real arsenic—not half magnesia and the other half rye flour. Half the arsenic sold by druggists is so villainously adulterated that a pint of it would not kill a humming bird. Get pure arsenic, and then prepare it properly as follows:

First, incorporate thoroughly a quarter of a pound of the poison with an equal weight of pure sweet lard. Put it in a tin can with a close cover, and put the can safely away where neither boys, girls or hired help—no one but yourself can lay hands on it. When you are going to rat and mice-killing, mix an ounce or so of the salve with *half* a pound of corn meal, wet up with water into a cake, bake about half done, break into small bits, and place these in the holes and runways of the vermin. Both rats and mice will eat arsenic short-cake greedily when they won't even nibble at dry meal and arsenic. The practice followed up will fix every rodent robber, and the quarter of a pound of poison will keep the coast clear for at least a year. There need be no danger of poisoning anybody or anything else, as the bits of cake can be thrust into holes and crevices where only rats and mice can get at it.

The Beef Supply.

The duty of twenty per cent. in gold on Canadian beef on the hoof has entirely shut off the supply from across the northern lines; but Texas puts in compensation by more than a million head now ready for a drive this way. Besides that, all the great West is fast filling up with horned stock, and will soon send a supply east equal to the demand. We hear pretty reliably of one Illinois farmer who purposes sending to market from this time forth regularly five hundred head of beef cattle every month. Not many farmers will come up to that chalk, but in about another year we shall have fat cattle a great deal plentier and cheaper.

Gathered Grains.

—— Firstly—in a month, more or less, we shall have gathered and garnered a bigger crop of grain, counting all sorts, and a great many more potatoes than Uncle Sam & Sons ever owned before.

—— The man that knows, says eggs of bees change to larvæ in three days. A queen bee comes out a queen in sixteen, working bees in twenty, and drones in twenty-four days. All said to be very important knowledge, only we don't happen to know enough about bees to see the important point.

—— Don't be ashamed to learn a thing of a humbler neighbor or Toddy the ditcher. Either may chance to know something we do not but ought to know. Gathered grains of knowledge make a good grist after a while.

—— They have found over in West Virginia a mushroom two and a half feet across. What a superb "*Round Table*" that mushroom would make. Having eaten up the contents the diners could eat down the table.

RECEIPTS.

A Good and Cheap Pudding.—Take 1 pint milk, 1 egg, a little nutmeg, 2 oz. moist sugar; beat them together, then add by degrees 2 piled tablespoonfuls flour till it is a smooth batter; slice 4 apples; put 1 tablespoonful of dripping. Put the dripping into a tin basin, let it get very hot, and strain in the batter. Bake an hour. Eat it with cold butter."—*Mrs. Warren.*

Always rinse glass in *cold* water, before wiping.

Rice Pudding.—Wash 2 oz. rice in boiling water three times; add 2 oz. sugar, a salt-spoon of salt, nutmeg, lastly 1 quart milk; a piece of butter the size of a walnut. Bake this three hours in a slow oven.

Onion Soup.—Peel three onions and cut them into fine rings, chop them across. Take stock (which is made by boiling up bones the day before) and put it on to boil with ½ tumbler of milk. Toast a slice of bread, cut it into small squares after having buttered it on both sides. When the stock boils, add 1 teaspoonful of salt, throw in the onions and let them boil up quickly, and in eight minutes they will be cooked. Mix in a cup a teaspoonful of flour with a little cold water, take a little hot soup and mix with it, strain it into the saucepan, add a bit of butter the size of a nutmeg, stir it up well till all is mixed; throw in the toast, put the soup over the fire for an instant, then serve.

Pickled Cauliflowers.—Break in pieces a nice head of cauliflower; wash it well in warm water, then cold water, and drain it. Have ready some boiling water, in which has been boiled a little salt and a piece of soda the size of a hazelnut. Throw the cauliflower in, and let it boil quickly *one minute*; drain and spread it out to cool. Mix 2 oz. of mustard, ½ oz. of moist sugar, a little salt, in a little cold vinegar, set it with ½ pint *boiling* vinegar; put the cauliflower into jars with 3 cloves to each, and pour over the vinegar. When cold, cork it. It is fit for use in a week.

"Delightful Pickle."—1 bowl green tomatoes chopped; 1 bowl peppers, removing most of the seeds; chop these, but not too fine; mix them together in a jar, putting them in layers, with salt between. Leave them so for twenty-four hours; drain them through a colander; then pour boiling vinegar upon them, and boil, with spice, ½ an hour. P. S. For *spice*, use cloves, mace, allspice whole, horseradish, and sliced onions. A. F. T.

A Cheap Air-tight Jar.—Take an egg, and beat the white in a saucer. Have ready several jars of preserved fruit hot from the fire. Cut tissue papers of suitable size for covers. Slip 5, one by one, in the egg, and put them on closely. You have then a perfectly air-tight cover. (This has been proved.)

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 18 letters.
My 3, 17, 1, 5, 11, is a boy's name.
My 4, 9, 14, 16, 10, 5, is a belt.
My 4, 14, 13, 5, 18, is a color.
My 7, 13, 2, 14, is a fruit.
My 11, 8, 5, 14, 1, 17, 6, is a general.
My 11, 7, 2, 6, is a measure.
My 12, 15, 18, 16, is an animal.
My whole was a great Union General.
Cincinnati, Ohio. "ECLIPSE."

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am laden with sorrow and grief;
I am expressed by a single word;
I oft in the widow's tale of woe
Unconsciously am heard.

I sometimes express a desire,
Which words to utter refrain;
I denote disappointment in hope,
When longer to hope is in vain.

I escape with the sobs of bereavement,
When a loved one has taken its flight;
Invisible always and oft unperceived,
Yet always distinctly in "sight."
C. McMULLAN.

Double Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A kind of leather.
A Scandinavian deity.
A farmer's tool.
A species of ape.
A plant.
A silver coin.

My initials form the name of a mountain in the United States, and my finals the State which it is in. CORA WALTERS.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A log 60 feet long is lying on the middle line of a road 30 feet in width, and a team is hitched to one end of it. Required—the distance the team must be driven, at right angles to the road, to take the log *out* of the road, the weight during the process being upon the other end of the log; and the nature of the *curve* described by the end of the log on the ground.
ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango co., Pa.
☞ An answer is requested.

Arithmetical Question.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A in a scuffle seized on ⅔ of a parcel of sugar plums, B caught ¼ of it out of his hands, and C laid hold on 3-10 more; D ran off with all A had left except 1-7, which E afterwards secured slyly for himself.

Then A and C jointly set upon B, who in the conflict let fall ¼ he had, which A got ½, B ½, D 2-7, and C and E equal shares of what was left.

D then took ¼ of what A and B had last acquired out of their hands, and they with difficulty recovered ⅔ of it in equal shares again, but the other three carried off ¼ apiece.

Upon this they agreed that the ¼ left by A at the first should be divided equally among them.

From this it is supposed that the whole number of plums can be ascertained, and how much of the prize remained with each of the competitors. WM. D. FOULKE.
Roseville, Ill.
☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is a worn-out garment like an iron pot? Ans.—Because it is an article of hard-wear.

☞ Why is cutting off an elephant's head widely different from cutting off any other head? Ans.—Because when you separate the head from the body you don't take it from the trunk.

☞ Why isn't a boy like a pretty bonnet? Ans.—Because one becomes a woman, the other don't.

☞ Why is a selfish friend like the letter P? Ans.—Because, though he is the first in pity he is the last in help.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA.—General Ambrose Burnside. RIDDLE—The letter A. DOUBLE REBUS—Miriam and Esther. (Mouse—is—recreant—itch—adage—malodor.)

Talk of Men and Women.

Some Frenchman, of a satirical turn of mind, who evidently has but little to do, publishes, in a Havre paper, some curious statistics of the average talk of men and women. He has discovered that an ordinary middle-aged man spends three hours per day in conversation, calculating at the rate of one hundred words per minute, or twenty-nine octavo pages per hour, which would amount to six hundred pages per week, or fifty-two big volumes per year. Having ascertained these facts, as regards the masculine portion of the human race, the statistician applied his best energies to ascertain the amount of words uttered by an ordinary and middle-aged female per minute, and the amount of time spent on the average, by that sex, in general conversation. After the most patient investigation and abstruse calculation, this able arithmetician was compelled to give up the question, and confess the magnitude of the figures produced, even at the outside of the inquiry, baffled all human calculation.

Reputation.—The cheapest plan for acquiring reputation will be found to consist in conforming ourselves to the prejudices of others. He who acts in unison with other men's sentiments and expectation will be easily understood; they will find nothing ambiguous in the interpretation of his conduct, and nothing revolting in its tenor. The mass of mankind do not admire, in the practice of human affairs at least, anything that surprises or puzzles them. They are partial to such things as are trite and plain; and no man is in more danger of missing their applause than the man who takes extraordinary pains to deserve it.